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SIR HENRY IRVING'S RETURN TO DRURY LANE.—OUR GREATEST ACTOR AS HECKET: THE ARCHBISHOP DEFILES THE CIVIL POWER.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.

Sir Henry Irving was received with unprecedented enthusiasm, and several times the action of the play was suspended while the audience accorded him an ovation. Our dramatic critic deals with the performance in the "Playhouses" column.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"People who want us to lead the simple life!" exclaimed an observant woman with whom I was discussing this popular theme. "I know them. They turn a household upside down with their simplicity. They want simple dishes which drive the cook out of her mind. While everybody about them is worried to death because they won't eat like ordinary people, they sit with uplifted souls, writing fussy letters to the papers." I daresay there is a spice of exaggeration in this. As soon as the simple life comes on the tablecloth (not the carpet, if you please; we don't pick our topics off the floor), I notice that exaggeration rises to delirium all round. It is such a splendid opportunity of going for one's neighbours. Instead of dining at home, as our grandmothers did (the reproachful ghosts of our grandmothers are always haunting us), we dine in restaurants, "enormous marble halls," as Sir Lewis Morris calls them, where we are a prey, not to drink, but "its sister vice of Gluttony." Sir Lewis Morris glances pontifically around, and is quite certain that every person he sees is eating too much. "The whole town," he says, "pullulates with restaurants," and even in the humblest, where you dine off six courses for about eighteenpence, the profusion of victuals is awful.

But this apparently is not the worst. There is the "restlessness, which drives high and low, from the Court downwards to the innocent suburbs, to seek amusement in the theatre night after night." Sir Lewis Morris lately sought a theatre, not to see the play, but to "pass an undisturbed hour or two in light slumber." The play had the bad taste to keep him awake. "It turned out to be, from the beginning, pure, undiluted rubbish—more like a very bad pantomime than a play." With admirable reticence, Sir Lewis withholds its name; so we cannot even guess who cheated him of his rest; but he returned as soon as possible to the "deserted club library," where, I hope, he resumed his nap in comfort. The club library, as many of us know, is one of the lawfully appointed places for light slumber. The walls are adorned by a legend in large capitals—SILENCE; cheered by which the drowsy bard, deep in his arm-chair, passes quickly into dreams of the Sanatorium in West Wales, lately consecrated by his Muse. But in the theatre people persist in talking quite loudly. Abraham Lincoln described a pertinacious opponent as an "interruptuous" man. Actors are very "interruptuous"; they will speak their "undiluted rubbish," and prevent the gently nodding poet from dreaming of his Sanatorium in West Wales. "Alas for the thousands who waste their time and money!" says he mournfully, meaning those misguided creatures who don't use the theatre as a dormitory.

This is the philosophy you may drop into if you take to writing vehemently about the simple life. More striking still is the case of a gentleman who writes from the Stock Exchange. "The simple life," says this earnest broker, "is dangerous. It is more than probable the simple life will come to mean worship of Nature. This in itself is often a most insidious form of Atheism." The dilemma is serious: if you don't lead the simple life, you become a glutton in "enormous marble halls," or at the eighteenpenny banquet in Soho, and waste your time by not going to sleep at the play; if you do lead the simple life, you are in danger of becoming an atheist. Even this does not exhaust the complications, for somebody is sure to urge that the business of dealing on the Stock Exchange is unhallowed, and sooner or later must plunge the earnest broker into grief and shame. I see no escape from the horrid tangle save in reflecting that perhaps, after all, the vast majority who dine in restaurants do not overeat themselves; that a cheerful wakefulness in the theatre does not always mean spiritual loss; that even in the class which commands luxury many people take a fitting estimate of their social duties; and that the proportion of the idle and foolish who misuse the wealth their betters have made for them does not justify the belief that we are going the way of the society painted by Juvenal.

But without exaggeration how can you have an exciting correspondence in a daily paper? Sir Conan Doyle, who is one of the most rational men I know, tried to give it a practical turn by reminding the reader that a certain reckless element in society has always been there, and that, on the whole, it is less obvious than it used to be. Talk about bridge! It is mild at its worst compared with the games in the days when statesmen gambled and toppled, when Fox lost thousands, and Pitt, though a tower of strength to the country, was frequently drunk. Women lose at bridge, and are tempted by their losses into compromising situations, says Lucas Malet. Was it any different when the ladies of St. James's wore satin on

their backs, and sat all night at ombre with candles made of wax, as Mr. Austin Dobson sings? No reason this for acquiescing in any evil; but why tell Sir Conan Doyle that he is drawing a red herring over the controversy? Moderation does not please the moralist who feels that he must moralise still more fiercely than his competitors. There is a picture at the Royal Academy called "The Cheat." It represents a bridge party, with one lady scornfully denouncing another, and two men gazing at the culprit as who should say, "Dear me! Somebody always cheats, of course; but we're sorry it is you." Moralists in shoals will look at the painter's name in the catalogue, and wag their heads, and cry, "He knows the aristocracy and their little ways!"

Once more the critics announce that it is a poor Academy, and once more the public troop through the galleries with Mr. Joseph Farquharson's sheep. "Too many pictures," sighs the critic. "Oh, my poor head!" But the sight-seer would range through ten more galleries if Burlington House could provide them, and would then totter home in a state of happy exhaustion. Is not this the simple life? Why, many people carry simplicity so far that they buy the pictures the critics have condemned! In the *Grand Magazine* some well-known artists speak their minds freely about criticism, and one of them rejoices that, although his work has been consistently disparaged, he has seldom been prevented from selling it. The critic, you see, is wrong, but the buyer is right. The critic is wrong, I understand, because he does not paint; only painters are competent to criticise other painters. Sometimes a critic does handle a brush; and then, I suppose, he takes to criticism because, as Disraeli said, he is a failure in art. But although the buyer does not paint, his judgment is infallible; at any rate, if he thinks the picture good enough to hang on his wall, what matters the opinion of the jaundiced outsider? With these simple principles, and a fair amount of luck, you can pursue the artistic calling quite comfortably.

The critic, says Mr. Walter Crane, "can only judge of what has gone before." He is a slave, that is, to tradition; and "when a new idea is introduced by a painter of original methods, he is at fault." Does this account for the censure on the Academy? Is Burlington House full of original methods which startle the critic so much that he is dead-beat before he reaches the last gallery? He has not a friendly greeting always for original methods, it is true; but what sort of welcome do they get from established painters? It is but human to dislike a method which threatens to supplant your own; and when art is in question, this kind of human nature must be more plentiful among painters than among critics. The critic may be generous to a new method if only because it gives him a new point of view, and material for writing an entirely new class of article. His development, therefore, is more rapid than that of Mr. Crane's fellow-artists. But it is also more rapid than the development of the buyer; that, no doubt, is why the Academician, whose method seems to us antique, spreads a fresh canvas with a cheerful heart.

Still there are methods which may remain original for a lifetime, and lose none of their command. In the actor's art this truth is exemplified by Sir Henry Irving, who is playing "Becket" again with the rare quality which we call inspiration. You see a number of distinguished qualities in modern acting, but you see that one so seldom that it might avail to keep Sir Lewis Morris awake, if he would condescend to visit Drury Lane. What a sleepless evening he would have spent there on Saturday last, for instance! The vast audience was wrought to such a pitch of intense emotion as I have never seen, even in the old days at the Lyceum. It was as if we had gathered up the memories of the bygone years, the memories of all we owed to this man's genius, and poured them out in one spontaneous tribute. But it was not alone a gathering of old playgoers at Drury Lane. A younger generation was there, equally affected by this great personality, and by that incommunicable something in art we know as the grand manner. There it was, mellow and splendid, and most of us felt that when the time comes for it to pass from our stage, it will leave no successor.

I am glad to see that Mr. Sidney Lee (who has been walloping Mr. Shaw, by the way, with a truncheon deftly borrowed from Bacon), would like to have the grand manner in a memorial statue of Shakspeare. Let us have the statue, says he, if we can find a worthy sculptor of the symbolic. I am of this mind too, for I wrote some while ago that, if you have a Shakspeare statue at all, it must be something more than the Elizabethan with the dome-like forehead; it must be a symbol of his genius. You want a monument as suggestive of the mystery and vastness of that as Stonehenge is suggestive of a bygone faith and ritual. One thing is sure: the sculptor who can give us this will not please the Academicians.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"BECKET," AT DRURY LANE.

Even as adapted by so skilled a hand as Sir Henry Irving's, the late Poet Laureate's drama of "Becket" never made a satisfactory play, and always owed its main interest to the fact that it furnished our greatest living actor with material for one of his most impressive ecclesiastical impersonations. As a play, "Becket" lacks grip, concentration, architectonic virtue; it handles with a feeble touch situations that might have been made strong; it merely outlines characters instead of expressing and developing them by dialogue. The clash of wills of King and Archbishop, the rivalry of Fair Rosamund and the jealous Queen, the tragic death of Becket in his cathedral—these elements might have been fused into a powerful drama, had Tennyson had the playwright's constructive talent. As it is, "Becket" contains but the framework of a tragedy—a set of beautiful historical tableaux loosely connected together, a succession of dramatic moments never properly elaborated. Still, in the present Drury Lane revival, as at the original Lyceum production of twelve years ago, the leading actor's art atones for the poet's technical deficiencies. Henry Irving's Becket is not the burly, pugnacious statesman of fact, but a subtle, intellectual, almost Italianate Churchman; and that air of dignity, that suggestion of tragic pathos, that appeal to the imagination which Sir Henry conveyed in his Wolsey, also characterise his companion study of militant clericalism. His diction is better than ever, and he delivers the resonant blank verse with a rare sense of its rhythm. No wonder last Saturday's Lane audience welcomed the returned favourite with an almost passionate affection. His support, save in the case of Mr. Gerald Lawrence, an eloquent, full-blooded Henry, is not too good, but the staging of the play is worthy of the best Lyceum traditions.

"JOHN CHILCOTE, M.P.," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

The novice who tries his hand at dramatising a novel is in danger of forgetting that the methods of playwright and romancer are totally dissimilar, that a play must be lucid in its plot and psychology, progressive in its action, and, in fact, continuously dramatic. It is in neglecting these points that Mr. Temple Thurston has come to grief in his stage-version of his wife's popular story, "John Chilcote, M.P." To such as have not read the original novel the St. James's adaptation may well prove absolutely mystifying. But what is worse than the piece's comparative unintelligibility is its lack of dramatic fibre. No one single thrill does the playgoer obtain out of the exchange of identities made between the morphia-maniac M.P., John Chilcote, and his ambitious double John Loder. Even the pathetic situation of Chilcote's young wife who falls in love with a husband who is not her husband is turned to no good theatrical account, and the one dramatic scene of the play is that in which a certain Lady Astrupp recognises Loder as an old lover of hers by a scar on his finger; but even this leads to nothing, and long before Loder's confession to the heroine all interest has flickered out of the story. Not all Mr. Alexander's earnestness and care in differentiating the doubles, not all Miss Marion Terry's gracious charm in the rôle of Lady Astrupp, not all the pretty sincerity of Miss Miriam Clements as the young wife, could put vitality or plausibility last Monday into this languid and lifeless play.

"JULIUS CÆSAR," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

Mr. Tree concluded his Shakspearean Festival last Saturday with a revival of "Julius Cæsar," and the Roman play has also been performed at His Majesty's every night this week. On the adroit stage management which marks this production, and on the effective declamation of Mr. Tree's Antony, it is hardly necessary to repeat commendation, but the sympathetic acting of the new Portia, Miss Frances Dillon, ought not to pass unnoticed. Next year Mr. Tree, who made great sport in his speech last Saturday with those who complain of the decadence of the drama, promises us a Shakspearean Festival lasting a fortnight.

"THE LITTLE MICHUS," AT DALY'S.

Almost as pretty and gay an entertainment as "Véronique" one may call "The Little Michus," another musical play for the score of which M. Messenger is responsible. "Almost," one says of the new Daly piece, because MM. Vanloo and Duval's story of the little Michus, supposed twin sisters, who prove really to have had different origins, and so can comfortably marry lovers of different social degrees, is much thinner and less daintily romantic than that of "Véronique." But the composer is found here in his happiest vein of refined but sparkling melody, a tenor song and two duets for the heroine having all his characteristic verve and piquancy, while his orchestration is once more graceful and elegant. Mr. Edwards, too, has never mounted a play with more sumptuous and yet artistic magnificence than this, which, with its

ever-changing series of Napoleonic costumes, is a veritable feast of colour. Nor can he be anything but praise for the interpreters. Mr. Evett warbles his tenor ballads sweetly; Mr. Huntley Wright and Mr. Edouin only need time to make the comic parts extremely funny; and it is hard to say whether popular Miss Adrienne Augarde or a new-comer, Miss Mabel Green, makes the more attractive heroine.

"LEAH KLESCHNA," AT THE NEW THEATRE.

A most enthralling and passionately emotional melodrama, and yet something more than a melodrama, for it is tinged with ultra-modern humanitarian and Tolstoyan sentiments as to the uselessness of punishing the criminal; a play packed full of exciting situations, and yet with sufficient humanity in its characterisation and sufficient ideas in its treatment to conciliate the intelligence of an audience; a play, moreover, magnificently acted by such strenuous artists as Miss Lena Ashwell and Mr. Charles Warner—that, as seen at the New Theatre, is "Leah Kleschna," a work we owe to Mr. G. M. McLellan, the American playwright, who gave us "The Belle of New York." Here is stirring drama from the very start of the second act, wherein Leah herself, an old thief's daughter, is set to rob a popular Deputy for whom she has long entertained a romantic hero-worship, and, though caught red-handed by him, is released by him in accordance with his high-flown notions that crime should not meet with chastisement. But the grandest scene of the play is that in which Leah returns home to her father full of a passion for honest living, and wages a long battle of wills with the confirmed old criminal. In this passage Miss Ashwell played with an intensity of emotion and a mastery of intonations and stage effects which recalled her famous performances in "Mrs. Dane's Defence" and "Resurrection"; while Mr. Warner, who was strong and sure at every point, carried the house by storm in his one big moment. Not even a weak final act of conventional love-making can destroy the sensational appeal of this fine drama, which has also in Mr. Leonard Boyne and Mr. Herbert Waring most satisfying representatives respectively of the philanthropic hero and a gentleman rogue.

MISS ELLALINE TERRISS'S RETURN TO THE VAUDEVILLE.

Enthusiastic congratulations greeted Miss Ellaline Terriss last Monday evening at the Vaudeville Theatre when she took up the Cinderella-like rôle originally designed for her in that vivacious musical comedy, "The Catch of the Season"; and at once the popular young actress proved that she had lost none of her old charm of personality. She danced, she sang, she frolicked with all that unaffected gaiety and dainty grace which have won her so deserved a vogue, and, though none of her three new songs, save perhaps "Buttercup," is likely to rival her old successes, her natural vivacity carries all before it; and, with Mr. Seymour Hicks also still full of inexhaustible energy, there is no reason why the Vaudeville play should not run right through the summer season.

MR. MASKELYNE'S NEW HALL OF MAGIC.

Once more Mr. Maskelyne furnishes Londoners at his new home, the St. George's Hall, with a very feast of magic. There are mysteries here at every turn. Whether Mr. Maskelyne himself is showing his famous illusion, in which a man strapped down in a chair is spirited away and "the Mahatmas" are "outdone," or Mr. David Devant is producing quaint transformations with his Burmese gong, or pouring out of his magic kettle the most varied liquids, from ginger ale to green Chartreuse, the audience's feeling must be one of perpetual wonder.

MUSIC.

THE OPENING OF THE OPERA SEASON.

It was no light undertaking to start the season at Covent Garden with the Wagner "Ring" Cycle. There are many who declare that the chief supporters of the Royal Opera House do not take music seriously, that they regard it as an adjunct to a pleasant social function. The attendance at Covent Garden for the "Ring" Cycle gives sufficient refutation to the statement. Not only was there a great response to the Syndicate's undertaking as soon as it was announced, but the two hours and a half of unbroken performance did not avail on the opening night to strain the attention of the house. There are operas and to spare that present little more than a patchwork of light, bright melodies; they make their claims to the lower faculties of appreciation, and these claims are met. Wagner, on the other hand, aimed ever at the highest, and demanded from his audience the unremitting service of ears, eyes, and brain. "Das Rheingold," for all its strength and beauty, does no more than pave the way for what is to follow; it is the seed from which the great tree grows. It may not be considered alone. The leading motifs, those associated with the Gold, the Ring, Valhalla, the Curse, and the Sword, to name but a few, have their own extraordinary significance lying outside the range of absolute music, and their repetition as the cycle develops, serves to weld the four performances together in spirit and intention. Drama, music, and stage-setting are one; Rhine Gold, Valkyries, Siegfried, and the Dusk of the Gods are one; and these unities must be pondered and appreciated if the cycle is to be enjoyed intelligently. Despite the incidents that urge the profane to laughter, we have a work that is to us what the work of Æschylus was to Greece. The "Ring des Nibelungen" grows and grows in beauty as we come closer to it; it has no reward to offer to those who will not raise it in their appreciation high above the place reserved for work that has no better object than to please.

We are not inclined to judge the singers by the first performance. There is a certain element of nervousness

and uncertainty associated with such an occasion, and it is not easy for artists to take the measure of the house. If a singer succeeds at first, he is likely to do better still; if he does not please, he may improve. Herr Zador's Alberich is a most pronounced success; whether he be considered as singer or actor, he will be found in the heart of the difficult part. The Mime of Herr Reiss was in many respects a remarkable piece of work. Excellent, too, was Herr Hinckley's Fasolt; nor was Herr Raboth far behind his brother giant in his conscientious and well-considered rendering of the part of Fafner. In "Die Walküre," Frau Wittich did more than justify the great reputation she brought from Germany; her singing and acting were superb.

Dr. Richter is mentioned last, but in any attempt to express our appreciation of those who made the "Rheingold" and "Die Walküre" a success in the order of their merit, he must needs come first. His supreme talent seemed to hold the operas together from the first bar to the last; his aid and direction, while never absent from musicians or singers, maintained the balance between stage and orchestra as though with a strong, steady hand.

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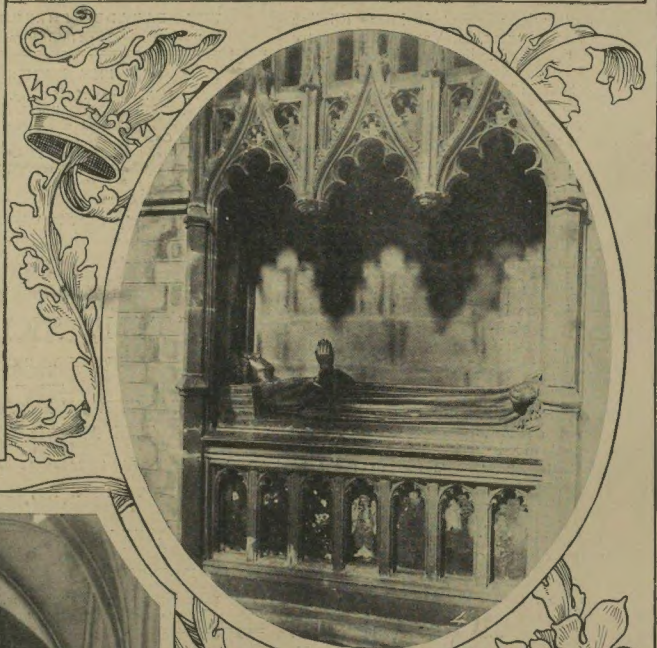
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LONDON'S NEW CATHEDRAL AND ANCIENT COLLEGIATE CHURCH.



ST. SAVIOUR'S CHURCH, SOUTHWARK,
RAISED TO CATHEDRAL DIGNITY ON MAY 4.



1. A GENERAL VIEW OF ST. SAVIOUR'S.
3. PART OF THE ORIGINAL ARCADING.—[Photo. Frith.]
5. ONE OF THE AISLES.

2. THE CHOIR.—[Photo. Frith.]
4. THE POET GOWER'S TOMB.

St. Saviour's, Southwark, the church of the Augustinian Priory of St. Mary Overy, was originally founded by Bishop Giffard, of Winchester, about 1100. With the creation of the Bishopric of Southwark last year it was inevitable that this exquisite church should become a cathedral. In it James I. of Scotland was married to Joanna Beaufort. Among its interesting monuments are the tomb of John Gower, who died in 1402; and the record, cut on the floor, of the burial of John Fletcher, Edmund Shakspeare, player (the poet's youngest brother), and Philip Massinger, although the exact position of their graves is not known. The present building owes much to Cardinal Beaufort.

A FRAIL FOOTHOLD FOR FIGHTERS: THE THAW IN MANCHURIA.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



PURSuing JAPANESE ON THE BROKEN ICE ATTACKED BY A COSSACK REARGUARD.

During the desultory fighting that followed the retreat from Mukden the broken ice of the rivers that intersect the battle-ground added to the difficulties of pursuers and pursued. The guns of an entire Russian battery crashed through the ice and were afterwards recovered by the Japanese.

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

THE KING IN PARIS.

His Majesty has followed up his informal diplomatic work in Algiers by a visit to Paris. Although strictly *incognito*, the King made one appearance as Britannic Sovereign, when he dined with his friend M. Loubet at the Elysée on Sunday evening. There was, however, no intrusion of State into the function, and his Majesty's wish has been to move about Paris simply as a private gentleman. The great popularity of Edward VII., however, and his recognition as chief architect of the *Entente Cordiale*, has precluded that freedom which his Majesty enjoyed as Prince of Wales. Enthusiastic crowds have waited on his comings and goings, and the Hôtel Bristol, where the King has been occupying his old apartments, has been during the week the centre of interest for all Paris, and necessarily for the English colony. The King arrived in Paris on the evening of April 29, and was received by the British Ambassador and the Prefect of Police. On Sunday he attended Divine service at the Embassy Church, and in the afternoon gave an audience to Admiral Fournier, whom he decorated with the Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George, in recognition of his services as President of the North Sea Commission. The evening was occupied by the Elysée banquet, already alluded to, and the dinner was followed by an informal concert. On Monday the King drove by motor to Versailles and St. Cloud, and called on M. Blanc, the first of French sportsmen. At M. Blanc's residence, La Châtaignerie, his Majesty inspected the stud-farm, and afterwards went on to the Versailles and St. Cloud Races. In the evening the King occupied the President's box at the Théâtre Français, where he saw M. Lavedan's play "Le Duel," just now the most popular piece in Paris. Every day of the visit brought fresh proofs of his Majesty's great and abiding popularity, and highly though the King appreciated these marks of our neighbours' kindly feeling, he found it at times slightly embarrassing, and sighed for the freedom of former days.

OUR PORTRAITS.

Edmund Beckett, LL.D., K.C., first Baron Grimthorpe, who died on the 29th of last month at the age of eighty-nine, will live in the memory as a builder of churches, a biter of Bishops, and a great clockmaker, rather than as a great lawyer, which he certainly was, for his work as leader of the Bar brought him a good deal less before the general public than did those hobbies which earned him the thanks of many—and a reputation for eccentricity. Born in May, 1816, and educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated as thirtieth Wrangler, he was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1841, and took silk in 1854. Succeeding as fifth Baronet twenty years later, he took again the family name of Beckett, instead of Denison. Not only was he the donor of churches, but in a number of cases he was his own architect, and he was instrumental in the restoration of many churches and houses, including St. Alban's Cathedral. To him, also, was entrusted, in 1856, the Westminster peal, and he thus became the "father" of Big Ben. He was at one time President of the Protestant Churchmen's Alliance, and was President of the British Horological Institute, and, from 1877 till 1900, Chancellor and Vicar-General of York. His works include numerous books on clocks, astronomy, and architecture. Bishop-baiter though he was, he married a Bishop's daughter.

Mr. Ernest W. Beckett, who becomes second Baron Grimthorpe and thus causes a bye-election in Whitby, which he has represented in Parliament for twenty years, is a partner in Beckett and Co., bankers, Leeds, and is Honorary Colonel of the Yorkshire Hussars. He was born in 1856, and married Lucy Tracy Lee, of New York, in 1883. He is fond of shooting, golf, and travelling, and is a collector of works of art. He was one of the first to recognise the genius of Rodin, and to welcome him to this country.

On the whole, the criticism of the Transvaal Constitution is favourable. It does not entirely please the critics who think that autonomy ought to have been granted outright, and who complain that no representative assembly is given to the Orange Colony. But it is admitted that, as a temporary measure, the Constitution should serve its purpose very well. The ultra-friends of



HONOUR TO MRS. BROWNING: A BUST AT CAMBERWELL.

On May 2 a bust of Mrs. Browning, by Mr. Henry Pegram, was unveiled at the Passmore Edwards Polytechnic, Camberwell, by Mr. Alfred Austin. The bust is the gift of Mr. Passmore Edwards.



Photo. Russell.

THE LATE LORD GRIMTHORPE, LAWYER, AND "FATHER" OF BIG BEN.



LORD GRIMTHORPE,

WHO HAS JUST SUCCEEDED TO THE TITLE.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.

H.E. TA JEN CHANG, RETIRING CHINESE MINISTER IN ENGLAND.

the Boers talk of "gerrymandering" because the most populous constituencies will get the most representation.

Under Mr. Kruger's sway the opposite principle was in force. He took care that Lydenburg, for instance, with little more than 3500 inhabitants, had two members in the Volksraad, while Johannesburg, with 75,000 inhabitants, had only one member. It is provided in the Constitution that every burgher shall have a vote who was on the register for the First Volksraad under the old régime. This is a very politic concession, which has disarmed a good deal of prejudice. Considering that it is barely three years since the war ended, the grant of such a Constitution does not indicate a despotic spirit.

UNDERFED SCHOOL-CHILDREN.

By a decree of the Local Government Board the Poor Law Guardians and Educational Councils are empowered to feed the school-children whose hungry condition makes instruction difficult and even impossible. Inquiry is to be made into the capacity of the parents to provide food, and in cases where this capacity is proved the local authority will recover the cost of meals from the parents by a County Court process, if necessary. This expedient, it is hoped, will check the natural tendency of negligent parents to evade their responsibility. They are apt to think that if some children are fed by the State, all children ought to have the same privilege at the cost of the ratepayers. The State is of a different opinion. Not only will the local officials exact payment, but the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children will redouble their vigilance. Parents convicted of deliberately sending their children to school without food, though they can afford to supply it, will run the risk of prosecution on a criminal charge.

THE WIRE-WOUND GUN SCARE.

In connection with our Illustrations on another page, Rear-Admiral Ingles, the constructor of the weapons, kindly communicated to our representative at the United Service Club the gist of the following notes. The wire-wound gun was originated by the late J. A. Longridge, whose first idea of the wiring of a gun was that the inner tube should be made very thin and the wire wound over it. The "wire" is really a flat ribbon of steel, and the pressure of the winding is, of course, in the opposite direction to the pressure caused by the explosion. Nowadays two inner tubes are always put under the wire, so that the gun could be easily re-lined at a comparatively small price. Suppose, for example, that the *Majestic* was at Portsmouth, and that the inner tube, technically known as A, of one of her guns failed; it could at once be sent to Woolwich, Elswick, or Vickers' works to be re-lined. The operation would take about two months, and the gun be as good as new. The cost of the repair would be about £500—the initial cost of the gun having been about £10,000. The principal duty of the inner tube is simply to carry the shell out in a perfectly straight line, and it does not contribute to any great extent to the radial strength of the gun, which is mainly attained by the wire, the outer A tube, and the "jacket" outside the wire. Before settling on a final pattern a specimen gun is fired almost to destruction. The temperature of heated cordite is 5000 deg. (which is the melting point of steel), so that at the moment of discharge the bore of the gun is in a semi-plastic condition. The gun-wire derives its extreme strength from being "tempered," but after a considerable number of discharges at this enormous heat of 3000 deg. it is quite conceivable that the temper might be taken out of the wire, and that it might become slack, very much like the string on the handle of a cricket-bat after it has been in the hands of some mighty driver. Wire is the strongest form in which steel can be produced, and in the process of wire-drawing the stuff is strengthened. The strongest steel that can be made in ingot has a breakage strain of about 60 tons per square inch of area; whereas the breakage strain of wire as tested in the Royal Gun Factory at Woolwich is 110 tons per square inch (and it does not even begin to stretch till it is strained to over 60 tons). The only disadvantage is that, however tightly you may wire-wind a gun, the spaces between the layers of wire are infinitely great compared with the distances between the molecules of a mass of steel; but steel wire is the strongest material that has ever been made so far as we know, whether in the form used in gun-construction or the ordinary piano wire used by the great piano constructors, and also by Lord Kelvin in the manufacture of his deep-sea sounding machines.



MR. ALEXANDER AND HIS DOUBLE: "JOHN CHILCOTE, M.P.," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

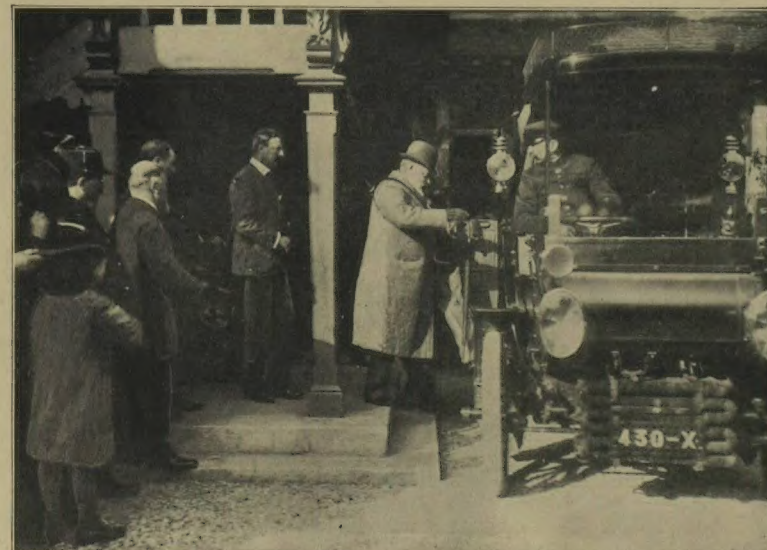
SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER. (SEE "THE PLAYHOUSES.")



Photo, Press Co.

THE KING AT THE FRENCH RACES: HIS MAJESTY IN THE RESERVED ENCLOSURE AT SAINT CLOUD.

On May 1 his Majesty, after a visit to Versailles, attended the races at Saint Cloud. He was received by M. Ruau, the Minister of Agriculture, who presented many prominent French sportsmen. The King occupied a reserved enclosure, where he chatted with many well-known French, English, and American leaders of society, including Madame Ruau and Mr. Vanderbilt.



Photo, Press Co.

HIS MAJESTY LEAVING THE SAINT CLOUD RACES IN THE MARQUIS DE BRETEUIL'S MOTOR-CAR.

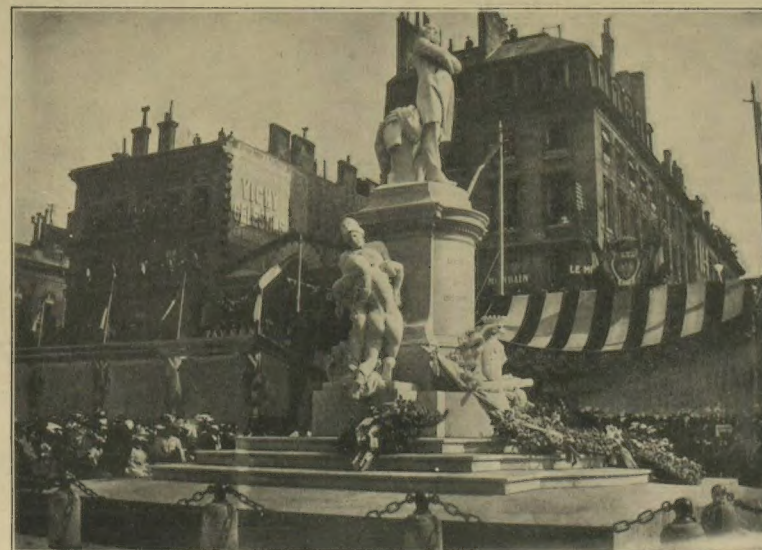
After the races the King went for a drive in the park as far as La Foulleuse farm, from which there is a splendid panoramic view of Paris. The royal party returned by way of Longchamp, where the King inspected the new stands on the racecourse. The rest of the route lay along the Avenue des Acacias, the Avenue du Bois, and the Champs Elysees.



Photo, W. H. Allen.

BIRMINGHAM'S CARE FOR THE YOUNG OFFENDER: THE NEW CHILD CORRECTIONAL COURT.

In order to evade the stigma of a criminal court, Birmingham has instituted a special tribunal for young offenders. The cases are heard in a separate room, and the parents or guardians of the offenders have notice to attend. The offenders are brought in by a side entrance, and all the hardening associations of the police-court are avoided.



Photo, Branger.

TARDY JUSTICE TO GAMBETTA: THE STATUE UNVEILED BY PRESIDENT LOUBET AT BORDEAUX.

On April 24 M. Loubet unveiled a statue of Gambetta at Bordeaux. M. Etienne, the Minister of the Interior, said that the justice now accorded to Gambetta by Republicans, though tardy, was unanimous. He hoped that the memory of Gambetta would bring together the various divisions of the Republican party. The proceedings closed with a cantata conducted by M. Saint-Saëns.

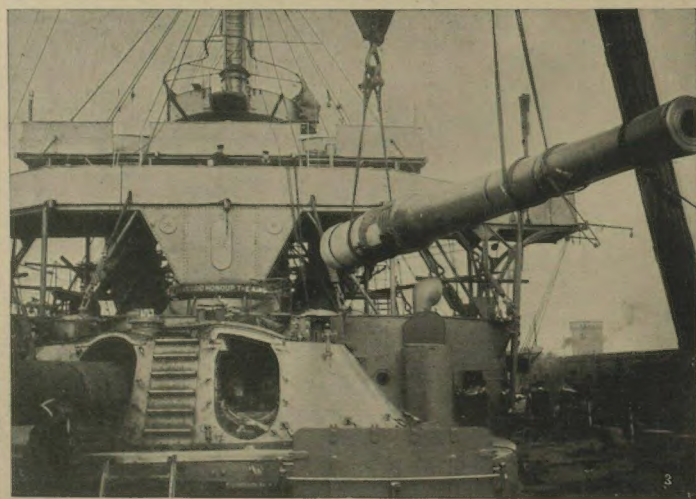
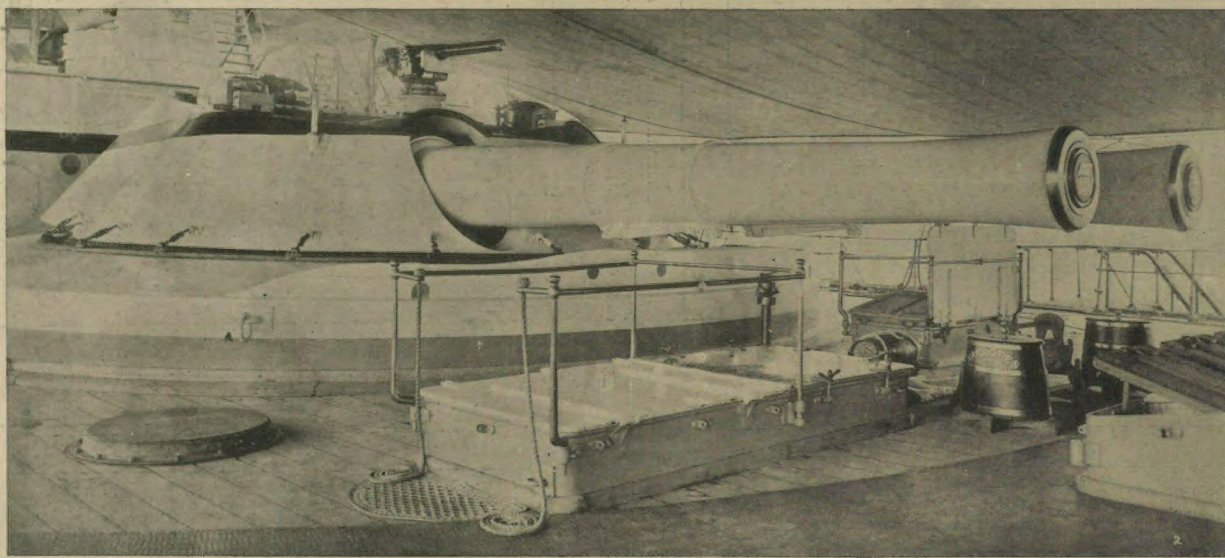
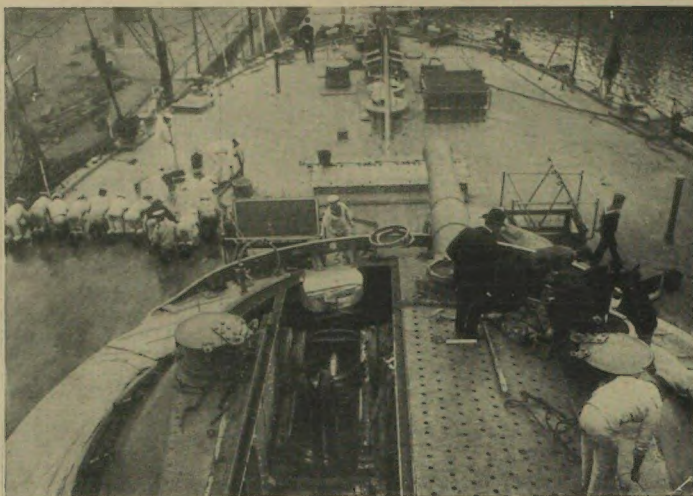
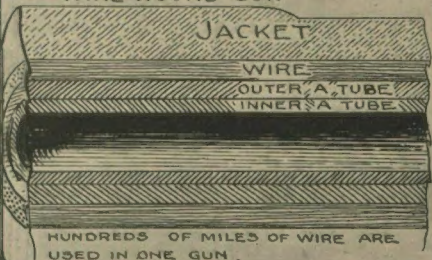
THE QUESTIONED EFFICIENCY OF THE WIRE-WOUND GUN: ITS STRUCTURE.

SECTION BY A. HUGH FISHER FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY REAR-ADMIRAL INGLES, THE CONSTRUCTOR: PHOTOGRAPHS BY CRIBB.

LONGRIDGES FIRST IDEA OF THE WIRING OF A GUN WAS THAT THE INNER TUBE SHOULD BE MADE VERY THIN AND THE WIRE WOUND OVER IT: THE PRESSURE OF WIRING BEING IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION TO THE PRESSURE CAUSED ON THE EXPLOSION.

TWO INNER TUBES ARE NOWADAYS PUT UNDER THE WIRE ENABLING THE GUN TO BE EASILY RELINED.

ROUGH SECTION OF PART OF A WIRE WOUND GUN



1. THE CRADLE OF A HARRIS GUN AFTER THE LATTER HAS BEEN TAKEN OUT. DOCKYARD MEN REMOVING THE TOP GEAR OF THE SISTER GUN.

3. THE TUBES OF A BATTLE-SHIP: A NEW 12-IN. GUN BEING HOISTED ON BOARD A VESSEL OF THE "MAJESTIC" CLASS.

2. THE CLASS OF GUN OF WHICH THE EFFICIENCY WAS QUESTIONED: THE 35-CALIBRE, 12-IN., MARK VIII. GUN CARRIED ON THE "MAJESTIC" AND FIFTEEN OTHER BRITISH BATTLE-SHIPS.

4. CLEANING A NEW 12-IN. GUN WITH SAND-PAPER.

On another page we print notes on wire-wound guns, communicated to our representative by Rear-Admiral Ingles, the constructor of the weapons in question. The section explains the form of these guns, which are now fitted with two inner tubes under the wire, to enable the pieces to be re-lined at a comparatively small cost. The breakage strain of the wire used is 110 tons, and there is no stretching under a strain of 60 tons. Owing to the tremendous heat of discharged cordite—5000 degrees Fahrenheit—the bore of the gun at the moment of firing is in a semi-plastic condition. Wire guns are serviceable even when the inner tube has been split through its entire length. These weapons have been singularly successful. A contemporary lately published alarmist articles regarding supposed gross inefficiency of the "Majestic's" 12-in., Mark VIII. guns, which are now under repair; but, as we have indicated, flaws in the inner tube are discounted, and can be easily remedied.



I.

THE room was illuminated only by the glow from the open door of the stove. She sat on a low stool full in the cone of ruddy light, her fingers interlocked across her knees, her face grave and meditative, its paleness intensified by contrast with her dress of black. At her side, but a little further back, he was leaning forward in his rocking-chair, elbows planted on its arms, hands clasped at the level of his chin, his face just within the line of radiance, its expression, like hers, set in the fixity of silent reverie. Both were young—on the debatable borderland between youth and maturity. Sounds of the outside night crept into the stillness of the room—the intermittent swish of gust-driven rain against the window-panes, the continuous dröwzy hum of trolleys a block or two away, the vague murmurs of a great city borne from the highways of traffic into the seclusion of a by-street.

"I can picture the whole scene," he said at last, summing up the thoughts that had given pause to their conversation.

"Yes," she responded, her eyes still fixed on the embers. "You know those three uncles of mine well enough to understand my shame and indignation. And Aunt Mary too—she kept talking about her husband's store, about bad debts and the latest rise in coal-oil, while her brother lay dead in the next room. Poor Uncle Henry!—the one gentle and refined nature among them all—the only one whose life had not been given to sordid grubbing for cents and dollars."

"I used to enjoy a chat with him, when I went along for a book, and invariably ended by buying some old print as well. What a quaint and interesting shop, too, with the stacks of volumes climbing up the stairs! Booklovers' Corner!—it was happily named."

"He was devotedly attached to the place—the books among which he lived, the people who came to rummage through his treasure-heaps, the daily intercourse with scholarly men and women who sought his advice. It was a pathetic little life-story, Uncle Henry's. Do you know it?"

"Only so much as his surroundings suggested. I often wondered at the contrast between him and his brothers."

"My mother told me a good many things last year, before she died. She was younger than her brother Henry—the youngest of all, although the first to go." The girl paused, and breathed a little sigh. "Henry was struggling, by teaching and in other ways, to enter college life long after his three elder brothers had become comfortably established in business. Dry goods, hardware, butchering—that was the bent of their minds. And Aunt Mary, too, had married the most prosperous grocery man of the district. Only Henry and my mother inclined to other things. My mother taught school before she married, just as I am doing now."

Her voice had dropped, till the last words came but as an echo, soft and low, of saddened musing.

"Not for long now, sweetheart," he interposed, with a gentle hand-touch of sympathy upon her shoulder.

She started, roused in the instant from her lapse into dreaminess.

"Oh, I was not thinking of myself," she replied, brightly and resolutely. "I was thinking of my dear mother, and of my father, whom I can just remember and nothing more. But we were speaking of Uncle Henry, weren't we?"

"Yes; he wanted to get to college."

"Well, not one of his brothers offered a helping hand; and at last his health broke down. At first he was acutely ill—in a hospital for several months. Then he was discharged, in better state, able to crawl around, but with the verdict of 'incurable' hanging over his head. His was a chronic case now—one of those insidious internal troubles that kill a man slowly but surely during a year or two of increasing misery and suffering. One doctor, however, declared that there was still hope—still the reasonable chance of recovery. But the invalid would have to leave New York at once—to go to a hot, dry climate, like that of Arizona or Egypt, and live there for quite a spell. To have advice was one thing; to act on it was quite another. Henry had no money. His father and

mother were dead. He was alone in the struggle of the world."

"But his brothers?"

"They were a handicap to him. The duty was so obviously theirs that others who might have helped naturally stood aside. My mother pleaded with Ebenezer, Hiram, James—not one had a single dollar that could be spared from his business. Aunt Mary wouldn't even put the question to her husband—she wrote to Henry before he left the hospital, telling him that change of climate was useless, that she knew a young lady who went abroad afflicted just the same as he, but, after spending no end of money, returned home, only able to walk from her bed-room to her parlour for months until she died."

"Well, I'm blowed! That was cheerful for a sick man."

"So with plentiful words of affection she counselled resignation, and sent him a little book about religion that perhaps cost her a dime."

"Pshaw!"

"My mother read that letter, and she never forgave Mary her callous cruelty—never spoke an intimate word to her again, so long as she lived. Well, the doctor, it seems, guessing at the truth, mentioned the case to Mr. Boone, of Booklovers' Corner. And it was he who sent the invalid to Arizona, kept him there for two whole years, and when he returned, cured and well, gave him a place in the book-store. That is how Uncle Henry came in time to be a partner, and at last the only active member of the firm."

"Mr. Boone is still alive?"

"Yes, the dear old gentleman has come north from his home in Florida to bury his dead friend. Now you will understand a great deal better what I am going to tell you next. Mr. Boone is Uncle Henry's executor, and it was in accordance with the latter's instructions that all relatives were called together the day before the funeral. That was how I came to meet my Uncles Ebenezer, Hiram, and James, and Aunt Mary and her husband, this morning in the dining-room above the book-store."

The young man sat up with quickened interest. "But your Uncle Henry didn't die rich, did he?" "No, not as the world counts men rich nowadays. But he had a little to divide. When we were all assembled, Mr. Boone read the will. There are legacies of a thousand dollars to each of my uncles, to Aunt Mary, and to me as his other sister's child."

"You say he forgave them their contemptible meanness?—that he left a single dollar to the woman who had written him such a letter in the old days?"

"It was just like Uncle Henry's sweet forgiveness to treat everybody the same—to forget all that had happened. The rest of his estate he has left to the charities in which he was long interested—the Young Folks' Summer Holiday Association and the Hospital for Incurables."

"And what do these bequests amount to?"

"That is what Uncle Ebenezer asked. But Mr. Boone replied that nothing would be known until the estate was realised. Uncle Hiram laughed at his share—a thousand dollars, he said, wasn't worth the trouble of his coming out of the house on such a rainy day. Then they all fell to discussing the reason of the condition attached to the legacies."

Again the listener pricked up his ears.

"What was that?"

"That no one should attend the funeral—the legacy in each case was to be forfeited if the beneficiary followed the body to the grave."

"By Jove, I don't wonder!"

It was a subtle little stroke. Your uncle wished no mockery of mourning before the world."

"But my legacy is exactly in the same terms," said the girl, glancing up at her lover.

"And Uncle Henry and I were always the best of friends."

"Well, he treated you pretty shabbily in the end, ranking you merely with people who had used him so ill."

"You must not speak like that," was the firm rejoinder. "Such a thought would be only worthy of those others, who went down their dead brother's stairs grumbling and disputing about the meaning of the will. It was a shameful, pitiful display. I shall never forget it—never, never!"

She shivered in the intensity of her anger and disgust.

"Like the greedy, thankless crew," muttered the young man below his breath. "Will they go to the funeral to-morrow?" he asked aloud.

"I think it hardly probable," she answered.

"Well, there is no use quarrelling with the terms of a legacy," he commented, with a shrug of his shoulders. "A thousand dollars isn't much—but it is a thousand dollars all the same."

The girl watched his face, in her own eyes an expression of mingled wonder and disappointment. But the young man was not looking at her. He got up from his chair, flung a shovelful of small coal into the stove, then stood erect, his form outlined against the leaping, gleaming flames that instantly filled the iron cavity.

"It will mean a lot to us, Nettie dear," he went on. "You needn't go back to the school-house. Why can't we marry now, right away?"

She, too, rose to her feet, her lips compressed, her face paler than ever, her look of concern growing to one of real pain. But still her emotion passed unseen by him; she had turned aside, and was resting an elbow on the piano.

"This is no time to talk of such a thing," she said coldly. "Only a few hours ago I gazed on my dead uncle's face, when the others had gone. For many a long day there will be sadness in my heart. Now leave me, Norman. This evening I wish to be alone."

Her eyes sought his now, and at last their reproachfulness smote him.

"Oh, of course, there will be the usual period of mourning," he murmured, abashed and confused. "I didn't mean anything else, Nettie. You know that, don't you?"

"Go, please, go." She held out her hand; there was a sob in her voice, the shine of tears in her eyes.

She suffered him to kiss her good-night. Then he went his way into the rain-storm and the darkness, and she was alone with the fire-glow, her chastened grief for the dead, the dull awakening consciousness that something in her golden dream of love had been changed to dross.

II.

On the following evening he found himself again in her rooms. She had been out all day, but it could not be long now before she would be home. So the landlady, who knew the relation in which the young people stood, had meantime made him comfortable, turning on the electric light and replenishing the stove. Heavy rain, unrelenting during several days, was still plashing dismally outside.

He was a handsome fellow, square-built and strong, comely of feature, with ability, self-reliance, and correct living, written on every line of his face—such a man, by outward seeming, as any maiden might have deemed herself happy to have won. He paced the room, disturbed and nervous, pausing every now

and then to examine some trifle, aimlessly, half unconsciously—a photograph on the mantel, a book on the table, the broad-leaved pot-plant in the window recess.

At last he heard the outer door open, and he came to a halt. A minute later she entered the room. As he closed the door behind her, he caught a glimpse of the dripping cloak, umbrella, and rubbers that had been surrendered to the landlady in the hall. But, disencumbered from her panoply of water-proofing, the girl was dry and warm, rosy with the cold and exercise. She gave him her hand, but evaded his effort to take her into his arms, and seated herself by the table.

"Where have you been?" he asked.

"Where would you think?" she answered.

He gazed at her black gown, her black hat—watched her drawing the black kid gloves from her fingers.

"You don't mean to tell me that you went to the funeral?" His voice vibrated with the restraint he was imposing upon himself.

"Yes, I have been to poor Uncle Henry's funeral." With grave self-possession she unpinned her hat, and laid it by her side on the table.

He took a step forward, and looked down at her.

And now I come here to find that all my efforts are undone."

In his agitation he had risen from his seat, taken but a moment before at her bidding. She surveyed him calmly; she spoke with gentle sadness, but with none of the trembling irresolution of the night before.

"Two days ago, Norman, I should have deemed it impossible that you would have spoken like this to me—that you would have counselled me to wrong my conscience, to go contrary to my sense of right, for the sake of money. You say I have thrown away my legacy. But I lose much more than that—I lose the faith I had in you. My dream of happiness is over."

He moved uncomfortably, and his face flushed.

"Oh, it needn't amount to that," he murmured. "I suppose we'll get over the loss of the money."

"But the loss of faith?"

"Sentiment again," he protested.

"Then sentiment shall rule my life," she replied, drawing a ring from her finger and placing it upon the table. "I begin to think that sentiment may be a better guide to one's conduct than reasoned judgment."

"You mean to end everything between us, Nettie?"

"Everything is ended. But I want you to learn the lesson that the instinct of right is always the wisest one to follow. Let me tell you what happened to-day, Norman. Please sit down again."

Mechanically and without a word he obeyed her.

"Uncle Henry was laid in the grave by his old friend Mr. Boone and myself. When all was over, we returned to Booklovers' Corner. There, to my surprise, I found my three uncles and my aunt once more assembled. They had been sent for by Mr. Boone's instructions. For there was a codicil to the will—to be read after the funeral."

The glimmer of dawning intelligence was in the listener's eyes now. The girl continued:

"The first legacies were revoked, and ten thousand dollars was left to each brother or sister who had forfeited his or her benefit under the will by taking part in the funeral. An equal sum was left to me, but with no condition attached, doubtless for my dear mother's sake. However, the will further provided that if I had attended at the graveside I was to be sole residuary legatee after certain large charitable bequests had been paid out of the estate."

"So he was rich after all?"

"In the old days of youthful ailing it appears that he had gained the friendship of a miner in Arizona. Through this connection there came the chance, later on, to take a financial interest in a prospecting venture. For ten long years Uncle Henry paid contributions to a doubtful mine. Only two years ago it turned out to be a bonanza. But he would never leave the old shop—the Booklovers' Corner he loved so well—the business he was managing for his aged benefactor."

"His brothers will fight that will."

"That is what they at once threatened. But Uncle Henry had provided for this very contingency. A year before he died he had deeded all his property to Mr. Boone."

So there was no real will—just an honourable understanding between two friends, sealed now by death. Why I am so late to-night is that Mr. Boone and I have been to a Trust Company's office, where everything has been transferred into my name."

The young lawyer drew a deep breath. He stood erect and began buttoning his coat.

"You are right, Nettie. This ends our dream. If you had remained poor, some day I would have owned my fault, and begged your forgiveness for my ill-humour to-night. For even while I was blaming, in my heart I was admiring you. But, of course, my self-respect forbids apology now. Good night."

She made no move, uttered no word, to detain him.

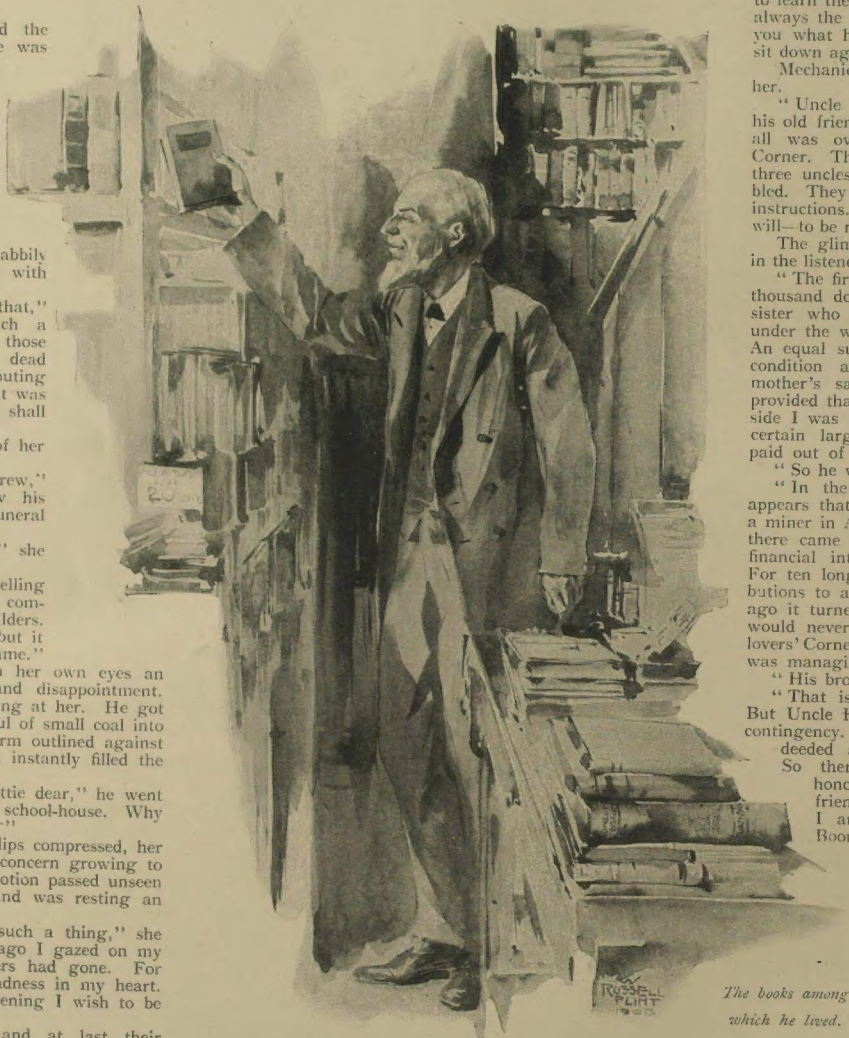
When he was gone, when the click of the closing front door had reached her ear, she rose, turned off the electric light, threw open the stove, and nestled down on the rug amidst the warmth and the softened radiance. Thus for a long time she remained, searching her heart and weighing the life-issues.

The fire had burned low, the room was almost in darkness. But at last she stirred, and, rising to her knees, reached forth a hand for the engagement ring still lying on the table. As she stooped towards the dull red of the ashes to gaze upon the discarded trinket, there was the shimmer of brilliants—and the gleam of love-light in her eyes as well.

Had the manliness with which he had taken his lesson redeemed him? Had her woman's heart been touched with new tenderness by his very need for her forgiveness? Had reflection brought realisation that love may not claim perfection, but can only hope to help towards it?

She did not restore the hoop of gold to its accustomed finger. But she looped it on a bit of ribbon at her breast, and, after a long, lingering kiss, slipped it within the folds of her dress.

THE END.



The books among which he lived.

TRAFALGAR BY A GERMAN ARTIST: THE PANORAMA AT EARL'S COURT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."



Neptune.

San Augustin.

Santisima Trinidad.

Victory.

NELSON'S "OLD ACQUAINTANCE," THE "SANTISIMA TRINIDAD": THE FRENCH REAR-ADMIRAL'S FLAG-SHIP ENGAGED BY THE BRITISH.

The "Santisima Trinidad" carried 130 guns, and is usually called a four-decker. She was nearly a century old, and was the largest ship then in use. A common name for her was "the old acquaintance." She was heavily hammered by the "Victory," the "Neptune," the "Levanthau," the "Redoubtable," and the "Agincourt." After the battle her crew left overboard, swam to the "Victory," and were helped up her side by the English seamen while she lay on her side.



"THE FATAL WOUND": ON THE QUARTER-DECK OF THE "VICTORY," 1.20 P.M., OCTOBER 21, 1805.

The "Agincourt" had been sunk, and a half-hour before Nelson was struck by a bullet from the "Redoubtable." The Admiral's secretary had been killed a few minutes earlier. Captain Hardy attempted to raise him. "They have made the sea too hot for me," he said. "Yes," he replied; "my backbone is shot through." All the musketeers in the "Redoubtable" were ordered to fire at the "Victory" again.



A HOLIDAY CRUISE ON DRY LAND: VISITORS TO EARL'S COURT SAILING FROM VILAFRANCA TO CONSTANTINOPLE ON H.M.S. "PYTHON."

That Protean place of entertainment, the Empress Theatre at Earl's Court, appears this year in yet another guise. Last summer the visitor who entered it found himself in Venice; this summer he is on the deck of a war-ship. None of the details of the vessel have been omitted, and it is possible to walk fore and aft, to go below, and to examine all the internal economy of the ship. Reasons of space have necessitated the reproduction of only a third-class cruiser; but, even so, the effect is not that of a small vessel. By an ingenious panoramic arrangement, the "Python" appears to make the voyage from Villafranca to Constantinople to the accompaniment of pounding engines, the word of command, and the bosun's pipe.

A GLIMPSE OF THE BALTIC FLEET IN THE STRAITS OF MALACCA: ROZHDESTVENSKY'S SQUADRON FROM A GERMAN LINER.

DRAWN BY MELTON PRIOR FROM A SKETCH BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT; REPRODUCED BY THE COURTESY OF MESSRS. ARMSTRONG, WHITWORTH, AND CO



A HURRIED TURN-OUT OF PASSENGERS TO VIEW THE RUSSIANS: SCENE ON BOARD THE NORDDEUTSCHER-LLOYD S.S. "PRINZ REGENT LUITPOLD," 5 A.M., APRIL 6

MR. SEPPINGS WRIGHT WRITES: "The fleet was sighted at 4 a.m. At first one light was reported, then a second, and so on until the whole squadron hove in sight, moving slowly and majestically through the darkness, the lights resembling those of a big town. We made out thirty-four ships. Searchlights were flashed on us, and a torpedo-boat destroyer steamed quite close, evidently to look at the name on our bows. All hands turned up, a motley crowd clad in every conceivable costume, from the Japanese kimono to the bath-robe. Captain Kirschner, the figure in uniform, soothed the apprehensions of some of the passengers, who recalled the North Sea incident. The fore-castle was crowded with Russian refugees, principally from Port Arthur.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD IN LITERATURE.

ROMANCE AND ADMONITIONS.

BEFORE Quentin Caird settled down in England to such a life of respectability as is possible in these days for a millionaire, he had had a strenuous career in Mexico. Among the incidents in it had been his marriage with Isabella Montanes, half American, half Spanish—"La Esmeralda" Paris called her, in days after she and her husband had parted and gone their separate roads. At the Circus in Paris one night she fell from the trapeze before the eyes of Percival, Earl of Alcester, and Philip Rose, the tutor who was keeping him out of mischief, or trying to, on the grand tour. News of her death, and official papers confirming the same, reached Quentin Caird, who shortly thereafter married the Lady Alice. Alice was sister to Percival, and an old flame of Philip—the two men who saw La Belle Esmeralda die. Only, she didn't die, though for a time they believed, and for reasons of her own her friends gave out, that she did; and this coming to public knowledge, there is created the familiar but ever-fruitful complication which engages the skill of Mr. Max Pemberton in his latest novel, "Mid the Thick Arrows" (Hodder). Mr. Pemberton is a popular novelist, and to the popular novelist a great deal must be forgiven. His temptations are great. Who can blame him if he attempt to follow the fashion in fiction, even if it lead him into the unsavoury regions of a smart and decadent Society? But such themes as lie in that entirely nasty direction do not suit Mr. Pemberton's athletic methods. These are given more free play, indeed, in the scenes towards the end of the book, which are laid far from Prince's and the Carlton: but by the time they are reached the story is going to pieces, and the author has lost the grip, and, we suspect, the interest also, necessary to pull it together.

Miss Marie Corelli has in perfection the gift of lashing the vices of the age. For this mission you need an unstinted vocabulary, no discrimination, no sense of humour, no perception of the historical fact that human nature has ever been much of a muckness. You strike a lofty attitude; then you look round the world, and see that nobody attains your summit in the conduct of life; then you go for everybody. Miss Corelli indicts mankind with immense enjoyment. Man, "coward Adam," is plainly a deplorable creature. Woman is his superior; but even women can behave like "chimpanzees" and "gambolling kangaroos." Society, in the lump, is bad; and no writer was ever so admirably qualified as Miss Corelli to dwell upon its badness. You feel that if it were suddenly to reform, her occupation would go, and she would have a legitimate grievance. Indeed, it seems to be destiny that we should all wallow in the slough of iniquity, simply that Miss Corelli may point the dreadful contrast between her uprightness and the conduct of the world. "The largest cheque," she announces, "would never tempt me to write against my inclination. If I were given such choice as this—to write something entirely opposed to my own feeling and conscience for a thousand pounds, or to write my honest thought for nothing, I would let the thousand pounds go." Very handsomely she admits that "some of my contemporaries" are equally honest, "but not as many as, for the honour of our calling, I could desire." One is reminded of the auctioneer in Dickens, who wrote his own epitaph, reciting his virtues, and ending with this searching injunction: "Stranger, pause, and ask thyself the question, Canst thou do likewise? If not, with a blush retire." With a blush one retires from the spectacle of Miss Corelli, the incorruptible, the sublime. She lives at Stratford-on-Avon; and when she looks out of the window, she sees "the tapering spire of Shakspeare's Church," which, "rising clear up from the surrounding haze, puts on the distinct appearance of a Pen—pointing upwards, as though prepared to write upon the sky." Miss Corelli's Pen also writes upon the sky. "I have always thought it a true symbol of what the Power of the Pen should be—to point upwards. To point to the highest aims of life, the best, the greatest things; to rise clear out of the darkness, and point straight to the sunshine." But Miss Corelli's Pen has another office. It must point at the depravity of our times, especially the depravity of the Press, which dips its Pen into the "secret fount of gall." Miss Corelli's Pen is the good genius, and the Pen of the journalist is the bad genius, of the human race. The war between them is the soul-conflict of the epoch. Miss Corelli's Pen has conquered numberless readers (see the publishers' advertisements), and yet the reviewer's Pen, with Satanic malignity—Satan without his Sorrows—derides her prophetic message. Why is she not content with her docile public, who, like the sands on the seashore, cannot be counted? It is because her honest thought is more to her than a thousand pounds. She must say what she thinks of the reviewer, and of the Church which heeds not the voice of Deborah, and of the statesmen who do not turn to Miss Corelli as to Egeria. Her noble ambition is to hold the world in fee; and we, wretches that we are, instead of looking about for dishonourable graves, mock at her wisdom, and heed not the inspiration of Shakspeare's spire, as we turn the coruscating pages of "Free Opinions," published by Messrs. Constable.

A TRIO OF NOVELS.

WHEN the first page of a story says: "If the embassy committed to me by his late Majesty finds no place in the admirable memoirs of the Prince of Talmont—" we all know, by this time, what will be found in the body of the book. The fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were peculiarly rich, according to the cheerful army of young novelists that marches under Mr. Stanley Weyman's banner, in a type of modest, manly hero, whose autobiography is a model of naive simplicity. His reminiscences may be relied upon to combine stirring reading with a not too exhausting demand upon the reader's intellect. So, in "The King's Scapegoat," by Hamilton Drummond, (Ward, Lock), we find Gaspard de Helville, the gallant Fleming, riding through hot adventures to the arms of his lady-love, and coming near enough to the gallows to produce the necessary contrast to a sweet and prosperous ending. He entered Paris late in an afternoon of 1483, and it naturally follows that he met François Villon, and was participator in a tavern brawl, and plumped straightway into love and a State intrigue. Mr. Drummond has drawn Louis XI., leaden saints, wizened visage and all, with considerable cleverness, and it will be seen that he does not fear to tread in great men's footsteps. His assurance is justified; because this is an excellent adventure-novel, even though some of its prime situations are more staggy than convincing. The word-pictures of old Paris deserve special commendation, for they are as lively as the hero's sword.

That a fairly exciting plot and some conception of character are not sufficient to make a successful novel is illustrated in the case of "A Quixotic Woman," by Isobel Fitzroy (John Murray). The sensation is a little out of the usual rut. Old Blakeley is a millionaire of less than common decency and cultivation—we refer to millionaires only as they occur in recent fiction, of course—and holds completely under his thumb his son, Will, as mild-mannered a man as you could well make the acquaintance of in a good-going circulating library. So great is the parental influence that Will, though he has a wife and several children in a cottage up the river, commits bigamy rather than upset the old man's design to have him marry among what he would call "the nobles." Mrs. Will the second is Mildred Buzzwell-Hubbard, daughter of the Countess of Linlathen. She is also the Quixotic Woman of the title, though exactly how far that designation describes her the reader must find out for himself. Needless to say, the complication in the domestic ties of the unhappy and poor-spirited Will is discovered, with the sensational results which we have already hinted at, with others of a sentimental kind that we need not concern ourselves with. Again, here and there the author manages to give her puppets individuality; by a few strokes, subtle rather than vigorous, she reveals some shrewd enough observation of character. Yet "A Quixotic Woman" is a singularly ineffective piece of work. At no single point does the author "get home." *Tout comprendre est tout pardonner*, the motto which she adopts on her title-page, explains her intention, the rationale of her character, the moral (as it used to be called) of her story, in a way she has not contrived to do in the three hundred pages of the book itself.

To call "Miss Badsworth, M.F.H.," a "good yarn" will be to do it no injustice, and may be its greatest commendation to the majority of novel-readers. The "Rights of Women" are a good subject for banter for the entertainment of sporting folk; humanitarian sentiments a still better. The clashing interests of hunting-men and shooting-men, of those who hunt to ride and those who ride to hunt, are subjects of perpetual concern and discussion in certain circles. And of all these and kindred matters is Mr. Eyre Hussey's novel made up; while they are strung upon a thread of amusing and exciting plot which will perhaps give the story a wider hearing than the sporting section of the public, to whom its incidents will specially appeal and be most intelligible. There is no need to go further and judge "Miss Badsworth, M.F.H.," by other standards, literary or artistic. Sporting novels, like sporting pictures, are for the most part in a class by themselves. That the latter need not necessarily be so is shown, indeed, by Mr. G. D. Armour, whose admirable pencil illustrates the book under review. Despite the accuracy of his sporting details, which will satisfy the most exacting critic among hunting-men, he keeps them in their place in the larger scheme; Diana and her hounds, for example, are accessories only, after all, to the moorland landscape. Or, in respect of a similar artistry in fiction, we can take the novels of Whyte-Melville, undeniably sporting, yet at the same time broad and effective pictures of manners and of a particular condition of life in these islands. But such are rare exceptions, with pen and pencil. "Miss Badsworth, M.F.H." (Longmans), is an example of the kind of sporting novel which we must be content to look for, as a rule; and of its kind, be it said, it is extremely good. The author is certainly not betraying the fair promise he gave in his earlier novel, "On Account of Sarah."

ON RUSSIA AND SPAIN.

MR. CAHAN'S story of Nihilist plots, "The White Terror and the Red" (Hodder and Stoughton), is not well constructed, and the author is happier with the minor characters than with the principal figures. He can reproduce mannerisms effectively, but does not understand the intimate portrayal of character. Thus we take away from the book a vivid impression of several persons whom we have, as it were, met casually, while we fail to understand those in whose company we have been living. But most decidedly his knowledge of Russia is real, and the book resembles the work of the great Russian novelists rather than the average English novel about Russia. The hero is a young nobleman who, as a student, is caught by the contagion of the secret societies: he loves a fellow-conspirator, an educated Jewess, and for some years they work for their cause. But the novel stops abruptly, leaving them both in prison—a fate which would have overtaken them in any other country. The interest of the book really lies in the revelation of the methods of conspirators and officials, and the police are shown not as sluth-hounds of preternatural sagacity, but as stupid people fettered by red tape. This is obviously much nearer the real thing than the fiction usually presented to British readers. The scene is laid in the 'seventies and early 'eighties, and there is a vivid description of the murder of Alexander II. Where Mr. Cahan shows special knowledge, however, is in his treatment of anti-Semitic riots. We doubt whether Russia has changed much in the last twenty years: the ghastly description of a riot in this book might well have been written of Kishineff; and we find the same debating about a constitution, the same reactionary influences in the Tsar's councils, as are to be seen to-day. The authorities are shown conniving at Jew-baiting in order to distract the mob, the Nihilists as encouraging riots partly from hatred of the rich Jews (who always escape) and partly from the idea that once the ignorant people rise they will proceed to attack despotic institutions. Obviously the authorities know their *moujik*, and the doctrinaire conspirators do not. Mr. Cahan's theories will, at any rate, account for the facts. The co-operation of many Jewish students in the revolutionary campaign makes these cross-currents peculiarly interesting. The book bears the impress of knowledge and not of hysteria.

Mr. Rowland Thirlmere's "Letters from Catalonia" (Hutchinson) fill two volumes, but had the author been well advised, he would have cut down the eight hundred pages to about five hundred, and the two volumes to one, with very little sacrifice of relevant matter. There is a class of writers that delights in quotation, that regards a book as an excuse for the exhibition of knowledge that has been acquired but never assimilated. The author of these letters is one of the saddest examples we have met. His pages are riddled with quotations from the French, Spanish, German, and Latin, the most of them quite uncalled for; and, as he is not endowed with the gift of style, a beautiful verse or living phrase shows up the comparative poverty of the context in fashion that can hardly fulfil his intention. The idlest gossip, the most casual conversation, find an honoured place in Mr. Thirlmere's letters, and when such inspiration fails him he falls back upon philosophical and astronomical speculation of the most untutored kind. His own confession removes our censure from a charge of undue severity. "But what has all this to do with Spain," he writes (p. 45), and gives the answer honestly enough—"Nothing!" Later he tells us: "The eternal self-question 'Why am I here?' again came into my heart." It is a pity, we think, that it never came into his head. In his attitude towards Spain, Mr. Thirlmere shows little understanding. Like so many tourists who find in a visit to the Iberian Peninsula ample justification, if not authority, for a book, our author sees everything from without. He has never realised that the pageantry of Spanish life is not spread by Nature and Spain for British and American tourists to wonder at; he does not see how the charm and wonder of Spanish life lie deeper than the surface. There is nothing illuminating, nothing intimate in letters that were more fitted for the eye of a friend than for the wider appeal to people who can but judge Mr. Thirlmere by his written word; there is no charm of thought or style to give the reader even a transient impression of work well done. And yet the author had many opportunities. He followed a fascinating road, and chose a route that brought him to many places not too well known; but throughout the journey he was so much occupied with finding more or less appropriate quotations to hang upon the trees that he never saw the wood. To be garrulous and digressive in turn, to make reckless choice of words (compare the use of "desecrated" on pp. 25 and 38), to indulge in commonplace speculation about the infinite, these are serious charges to bring against any writer. With regret, we must arraign Mr. Thirlmere on all these counts, and there will be few to defend him. "Why have I written these sketchy impressions that perhaps may only tantalise?" he remarks (p. 777). *Habet!* we hasten to remark, remembering his love for quotation. Out of his own mouth he is condemned.

THE NEW WORK BY THE COMPOSER OF "VÉRONIQUE": "THE LITTLE MICHS," AT DALY'S.

SKETCHES BY W. RUSSELL FLINT.



COMÉDIANS AND COMÉDIENNES IN THE NEW MUSICAL COMEDY.

"The Little Måhus," by A. Vanloo and G. Duval, with music by André Messager, has been adapted from the French for the English stage by Henry Jones. The leading comedians are Messrs. Willie Edouin and Huntley Wright.

THE FORTHCOMING ALLIANCE BETWEEN SCANDINAVIA AND BRITAIN: THE BETROTHED.

PHOTOGRAPH BY KUTTLINGER; BORDER BY A. HUGH FISHER



PRINCE OSCAR OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY AND PRINCESS MARGARET OF CONNAUGHT.

The marriage has been fixed for June, and will take place in London. Prince Oscar is twenty-two years of age, and his fiancée was born in the same year. The symbolic border shows on the left the arms of Sweden, and on the right those of the Connaught family.

LADIES' PAGES.

Grosvenor House has been kindly lent by the Duke of Westminster for a charity exhibition and sale in connection with the Girls' Friendly Society, to take place on May 9 and 10. The most original feature is a loan exhibition of relics of famous women. These include manuscripts, portraits, garments, and pieces of needlework. Among the last-mentioned relics will be shown the set of baby's clothes that Queen Elizabeth prepared for the expected baby of her sister, Queen Mary. These were shown some years ago at the Tudor Exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery, so that I already know how very dainty is the workmanship—but who can look on it without guessing with what feelings every stitch must have been put in, by the fingers of the most capable and despotic of Princesses, who stitched with the knowledge that the baby who might wear her handiwork would close to her the prospect of the throne! The Princess of Wales sends to the Grosvenor House Exhibition a portrait of her mother, the late Duchess of Teck, and there will be several relics of Queen Victoria.

An extraordinary number of fashionable weddings were arranged for the few days that elapsed between Easter and the beginning of "the unlucky month" of May. It seems absurd that so charming a month as May should be eschewed for weddings, and all the more so when we learn that it is the mere remains of a pagan superstition—based on so much ground in its origin as is to be found in the fact that May was the month sacred to Diana, the special goddess of the "maiden, fancy free." It is now quite settled that Princess Margaret's marriage will take place in England, but that event is not to occur till June. The prettiest of the brides of the last April days was Lady Evelyn Hely-Hutchinson, whose chief bridesmaid was her even more lovely sister, Lady Norah, a fascinating brunette beauty. Lady Norah, as chief bridesmaid, walked alone; three tiny girls followed the bride, and there were two couples of young ladies. They all wore cream mousseline velours frocks, and hats of white chip trimmed with yellow roses. The bride's gown was white satin embroidered with pearls and diamanté, and she wore a diamond tiara with orange-blossoms under a lace veil. The brother officers of the bridegroom, Captain Farquhar, of the Coldstreams, gave him a lovely silver centrepiece and other ornaments for the table. The Earl of Malmesbury's wedding to the Hon. Dorothy Calthorpe took place in the country. This was a "white wedding," the maids' gowns in cream mousseline-de-soie being relieved only with high swathed belts of pink satin, and the pink strings that tied on their hats; while the bridal gown was white satin embroidered



A FINE LACE VISITING-GOWN.

This delicate white dress is in fine lace over white silk, and trimmed with trappings of dull white taffetas on the skirt and passing over the shoulders.

with silver. Miss Arden Birch, whose still young and charming mother was married to Viscount Barrington a few months ago, was herself transformed into a matron, the Hon. Mrs. James Stopford, on the Wednesday of the crowded marriage week. Mr. Stopford is the heir of Viscount Stopford, so mother and daughter may one day hold the same rank as peeresses, gained by marriage almost at one time. An interesting wedding is that of Sir Walter Scott's direct descendant through his eldest daughter, Miss Elsie Maxwell-Scott was married to Mr. Cassidy, from the house on the Abbotsford estate, Huntly Burn, where, Scott records, his early friend and contemporary, Captain Fergusson, "a veteran Benedict," was married in the very same week in which Scott himself had a grandchild christened. Scott's only descendants are found in the family of the bride of last week. His two sons left no children to inherit his name.

Mother and daughter both still brides is capped by Lady Warwick and her daughter, each with her own little baby a few months' old, who have been spending Easter together at Lady Warwick's own house, Easton Lodge, Essex. It was there that Lady Warwick began the course of charitable work that ought to gain her general admiration. The school of fine needlework that she founded at Easton in order to employ the more delicate girls on the estate, or to keep at home those who had aged or sickly parents when the girls would otherwise have had to go far away to seek their bread, and leave the old people to themselves, was but the first of a number of admirable enterprises that Lady Warwick has devised and carried through for the benefit of others. The Socialism that she has declared herself to have adopted now is, therefore, at least so far justified that it is the outcome of a sincere benevolence for the less fortunate classes already displayed. But what is Socialism? It is riot, at any rate, equal rights between the sexes, for the Socialists in their Easter Conference at Northampton, without one dissentient voice, decided to "resist" the Women's Suffrage Bill now before Parliament, the scope and purpose of which is to give the vote to women on precisely the same terms as those on which it is given to men!

Lady Warwick good-humouredly complained at the meeting referred to that the reporters always described her dress. I have frequently heard a similar bemoaning on the part of lady speakers. They feel, perhaps with some justice, that this attention to the externals of their public appearance is belittling to the more serious aspect of the matter. They object that men's dress is not described; the colour of their neckties and the length of their locks are left unrecorded, while the logic and wit of their speeches are reported. But then a man's apparel is always the same, broadly speaking. As Sarah Bernhardt incidentally remarked to the interviewer who sought her opinion on the

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- La Traviata (Verdi)**—
01017 Ah Fors' e lui (Andante), "Traviata."
03026 Ah Fors' e lui (Allegro), "Traviata" (with Orchestra).
Lucia di Lammermoor (Donizetti)—
03020 The Mad Scene (with Flute Obligato by Gaubert, Opéra, Paris).
Hamlet (Thomas)—
03023 Mad Scene—from "Hamlet," Part I. (with Orchestra).
03024 Mad Scene—from "Hamlet," Part II. (with Orchestra).
Rigoletto (Verdi)—
03025 Caro Nome (with Orchestra).
Roméo et Juliette Gounod.—
01015 Valse Aria.
Bohème (Puccini)—
03017 Addio.

SEMBRICH RECORDS.

- La Sonnambula (Bellini)**—
53301 Ah! non Giunge.
La Traviata (Verdi)—
05304 Ah Fors' e lui.
Don Giovanni (Mozart)—
05307 Patti Batti.
Faust (Gounod)—
05306 Jewel Song.

CALVÉ RECORDS.

- Carmen (Bizet)**—
R.I. 1281 Habañera.
R.I. 1282 Seguidilla.

BORONAT RECORDS.

- Martha**—
53354 Last Rose of Summer (Eltow).
La Traviata—
53316 Waltz (Verdi).

BONINSEGNA RECORDS.

- Manon**—
53372 In quelle trine morbide.
Cavalleria Rusticana—
53176 Voi lo Sapete.
Trovatore (Verdi)—
53375 D'amor sull'ali rosee.

VAN ROOY RECORDS.

- Walküre (Wagner)**—
2-2685 Wotan's Abschied.
Das Rheingold (Wagner)—
2-2704 Closing scene.
2-2714 Opening scene.
Tannhäuser (Wagner)—
2-2715 Der Sänger Krieg.
Die Meistersinger (Wagner)—
2-2716 Cobbler's Song.

Published MAY 6.

CHORUS RECORDS

Made by the Chorus of La Scala, Milan.

- 53557 Coro delle Nozze, "Lohengrin" (Wagner).
53550 Coro dei Cortigiani, "Rigoletto" (Verdi).
53554 Coro degli Zingari, "Il Trovatore" (Verdi).
53554 Del raggianti lago "Guglielmo Tell" (Rossi).
53553 E'il ciel sereno, "Guglielmo Tell" (Rossini).
53554 A fosco cielo, "La Sonnambula" (Bellini).
53550 Coro dei Soldati, "Faust" (Gounod).
53558 Coro d'Introduzione, "Cavalleria Rusticana" (Mascagni).
53551 Coro delle Campanie, "Pagliacci" (Leoncavallo).

Made by the Chorus of l'Opéra, Paris.

- 13661 Aubade, "Le Roi d'Ys" (Lalo).
13641 La Nuit de Walpurgis, "Faust" (Gounod).
13606 Chœur des Buteurs, "La Juive" (Halévy).
13639 Miserere, "Le Trouvère" (Verdi).
13609 Ronde de Veau d'Or, "Faust" (Gounod).
13603 Entrée de Faust et de Marguerite, Valse, "Faust" (Gounod).
13607 Scène de l'Eglise, "Faust" (Gounod).

Made by the Chorus of l'Opéra, Paris, continued.

- 13644 Salut O mon dernier matin, "Faust" (Gounod).
13657 Chœurs des Pâtres, "Guillaume Tell" (Rossini).
13655 Le Bal des Capulet, "Roméo et Juliette" (Gounod).
13650 Prologue, "Roméo et Juliette" (Gounod).
13671 Chœur du Marché, "La Muette de Portiel" (Auber).
13650 Cavatine, "La Juive" (Halévy).
13608 Scène du Grand Brahmine, "L'Africaine" (Meyerbeer).
13648 Ballade d'Adamastor, "L'Africaine" (Meyerbeer).
13662 Chœurs des Buteurs, "L'Etoile du Nord" (Meyerbeer).
13636 Chanson des Cloches, "Les Cloches de Corneville" (Planquette).
13637 Chœur du Marché, "Les Cloches de Corneville" (Planquette).
13660 Alléluia, "Le Cid" (Massenet).
13661 Prière, "Le Cid" (Massenet).
13638 Marie Madeleine (Massenet).
13670 Marche, "Tannhäuser" (Wagner).
13636 Chœur des Gamins, "Carmen" (Bizet).
13635 Chœur des Bohémiens, "Le Trouvère" (Verdi).

TAMAGNO RECORDS.

- Otello (Verdi)**—
52671 Esultate.
52675 Ora e per sempre.
52674 Morte d'Otello.
William Tell (Rossini)—
52682 O muto asil.
52683 Corriamo Corriamo.
Trovatore—
52678 Di Quella Pira.
Andrea Chenier (Giordano)—
52676 Improviso.
Il Profeta (Meyerbeer)—
52677 Inno.
52679 Sopra Berta l'amor mio.
Erodiade (Massenet)—
52681 Quand nos jours.
Samson et Dalila (Saint-Saëns)—
52681 Filles miel s'arrestate.



CARUSO RECORDS.

- Rigoletto (Verdi)**—
52141 Questa quella.
52062 La Donna e Mobile.
Manon (Massenet)—
52345 Il Sogno.
Aida (Verdi)—
52360 Celeste Aida.
Mefistofele (Boito)—
52118 Il campo.
52117 Canto sul passo estremo.
Cavalleria Rusticana (Mascagni)—
52118 La Sirena.
52062 Brindisi.
Pagliacci (Leoncavallo)—
52110 Vesti la giubba.
Iris (Mascagni)—
52308 Serenata.
Germania (Franchetti)—
52370 No non chiuder.
52378 Studenti udite.

DE LUCIA RECORDS.

- Rigoletto (Verdi)**—
52111 La Donna e Mobile.
Fedora (Giordano)—
52139 Amor ti veda.
52077 Mia Madre.
Manon (Massenet)—
52346 Il Sogno.
Tosca (Puccini)—
52111 Recondita Armonia.
Carmen (Bizet)—
52137 Romanza del fiore.
Cavalleria Rusticana (Mascagni)—
52062 La Sirena.
Barbiere di Siviglia (Rossini)—
52127 La Serenata.
Lohengrin (Wagner)—
52050 Cigno Gentil.

PLANÇON RECORDS.

- Faust (Gounod)**—
2-2681 Serrade of Meisstele.
2-2688 Ronde de Veau d'Or.
Roméo et Juliette (Gounod)—
2-2689 Air de Capulet.
Carmen (Bizet)—
2-2687 Air du Toréador.
Les Huguenots (Meyerbeer)—
2-2681 Pif-Paf-Pouf.
Philémon et Baucis (Gounod)—
2-2689 Vulcan's Song.

ANCONA RECORDS.

- Don Giovanni (Mozart)**—
52130 Serrade.
Otello (Verdi)—
52-2689 Credo.
Pagliacci (Leoncavallo)—
Prologue.

SCOTTI RECORDS.

- Don Giovanni (Mozart)**—
2-2707 Serrade.
Faust (Gounod)—
2-2704 Dio possente.
Carmen (Bizet)—
2-2711 Toréador's Song.
Falstaff (Verdi)—
2-2712 Quand ero Paggio.
Aida (Verdi)—
52050 Anch' io Pugnai.
Messaline (de Lara)—
2-2706 O nuit d'amour.
Don Pasquale (Donizetti)—
52061 Bella Siccone un Angelo.

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threatened revival of crinoline: "Men do not dress themselves; look what you are wearing—three black cylinders!" On the immediate subject of the interview, crinoline, Madame Bernhardt was most emphatic: she, for one, will never consent to wear the disfiguring and inconvenient bands of hooping material that she can remember being tormented with when she was a girl. A similar resolution on the part of women generally will avert any such possibility. But the designers of fashions are so insidious. "Just a slight support," they plead, as they are saying now; and as the eye gets habituated to the change, they increase imperceptibly the new eccentricity, what-so-ever it may be, and before we have realised it, the "little support" becomes a huge "Jubilee Year" bustle or an 1860 crinoline; the classical knot of hair, a disfiguring great chignon; or the skirt tied back into place, an absurd "celskin" in which the victim must remain standing all the time. Let us take care that the slightly stiffened underskirts, with bands of crinoline or rows of steel inserted round the lower part, that are at this very moment being pressed upon us by many of our modistes, do not thus eventuate into real, horrid "hoops," before we perceive it!

Certainly, the soft, full frocks that are being made for the fine weather are difficult to support in graceful folds without a stiff skirt beneath; but for the present, and if the thing is no farther exaggerated, even when we are using the taffetas, muslins, and voiles of summer, the skirts are adequately supported round the feet by the fully-flounced and slightly starch-stiffened white petticoats that are the mode. The fullness of the skirts is kept so much below the knees that it can support its own weight, so to speak, without the "draggling" that follows when the top of the skirt, too, is extremely full. The skirts are, indeed, cut full at the top, but they are laid in folds by gathers, gaugings, or pleatings that hold the shape at the top, and the fullness is not really left to its own devices till the support of the ground is within measurable reach. Every period of fashion is called on to supply some of the ideas of the moment. Our sleeves, cut off at the elbow and finished by full "frillies," belong to the Louis XIII. period; our pointed bodices and flat-fronted skirts are Louis XVI.; and our latest coats, with their cut-away tails and revers, are reminiscent of the Directory. Everywhere that a pretty idea is visible, providing that it is not quite out of harmony with some other notion already annexed, the dressmaker is taking her scheme therefrom, and producing an artistic and excellent general result, undoubtedly. Graceful, floating lines are indicated, and the happy mean is found between the stiff primness of the hooped periods and the tight insignificance of the contrasting styles. The work of the most expensive dressmakers is chiefly distinguished from that of less modest pretensions by the details. The flowing lines of the skirts, and the corsage not too tightly fitted, relieved by folds or draperies of



A DAINTY AFTERNOON FROCK.

Taffetas, shot or plain, comprises this pretty gown, with the finishing touch of vest, revers, and cuffs of broderie Anglaise, and a high folded belt of black taffetas, fastened with an enamel-buck buckle.

one or another kind, are easily accomplished by a tolerably skilled worker; and then the passementeries, the laces, and the embroideries give richness or relief according to circumstances. One may take the smartest design of a great artist, and, suppressing or modifying a few details, arrive at a simpler garment for a woman of no pretension to lead the fashion that will yet have a distinction much to be desired, because based on the right lines.

Some description of the latest models will be interesting and informing. A pastel blue cloth of the most fine and supple character has the skirt ample and long, but untrimmed; the corsage is crossed and folded, the edges faced back with a line of panne of the same colour, showing between them a slightly full vest of white silk covered with Irish crochet; sleeves puffed at the top, turned back with an elbow cuff of the panne, and finished to the wrist by a tight cuff of crochet on white. A pale blue mousseline-de-soie, trimmed on the skirt with waved bands of gathered taffetas of a slightly deeper blue, and a folded corsage cut out in heart-shape nearly to the waist, the opening surrounded by a berthe of lace spangled with mother-o'-pearl and steel, the centre filled in with a lace jabot, long and full. An almond-green taffetas, with a cross-over bodice, the revers, high collar, and elbow cuffs all embroidered with silver, and finished off by a deep lace cravat and sleeve frills; skirt plain, but for a line of gauged taffetas placed on it in a series of large half-moon shapes, ten or twelve inches long, all the points overlapping and fixed down on one another with a silver-embroidered motif, forming a line of trimming round the skirt at the height of the knees. A shot-blue and rose taffetas, with pointed close-fitting bodice, fastened up from the point some inches below the waist to the top with rhinestone buttons, and cut away just at the throat to insert a Venetian point tricornet vest; skirt of the shot silk trimmed with many ruchings of rose-pink mousseline-de-soie. An amethyst-coloured taffetas made with a double skirt, the top skirt not coming close over the front, so as to leave a flat tablier, and the edges down each side of that front and round the sides and back of the upper skirt trimmed

with a three-inch passementerie of silver and pearl embroidery on an amethyst silk ground; the top skirt is also turned back in deep points at its bottom at each side of the front, and embroidered all over those points with a design in silver and pearls. Corsage, a tight-fitting Louis XVI. coat of a lovely shot amethyst and pale blue silk with deep basque behind, but cut off short at the front and hips to show a deep swathed belt of plain amethyst silk fastened by four large amethyst and silver buttons; an amethyst mousseline-de-soie underbodice blouses into the belt and is visible under the loose edges of the front of the coat; high collar and sleeve frills of ivory lace.

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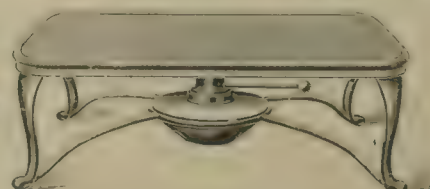
	Prince's Plate.	Sterling Silver
Coffee Pot, 2½ pints	£5 0 0	£9 15 0
Tea Pot, 2 pints	4 12 0	9 0 0
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Cream	2 6 0	4 5 0
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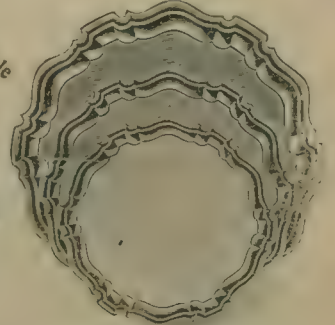
Prince's Plate Heating Stand, with Aluminium Top. One Lamp. 15½ in. by 11 in., £5 15s.



Prince's Plate "James I." Pudding Bowl or Salad Bowl, China Lining. 8 in. diam., £1 12s.; 9 in. diam., £1 18s.; 9½ in. diam., £2 5s.



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Sterling Silver " " 7 5 0



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8 in.	1 18 0	3 14 0
10 in.	2 0 0	5 15 0
12 in.	3 12 0	8 8 0
14 in.	3 5 0	12 0 0

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IRISH SKETCHES.—No. II: NANCY KELLY, POSTMISTRESS.

Our Postmistress, Nancy Kelly, is a woman of a certain type, and accepts without remonstrance almost any and every letter given to her for transmission. The only instance in which she refuses, or rather, perhaps, threatens to refuse, to transmit letters, is when the subject is the "versat passion."

To read an newspaper without the necessity of the addressee's presence was a prerogative assumed by our Postmistress naturally. When the paper delivered was an American one, it contained minute and graphic details of the latest tragedy, Nancy Kelly did not read the copy, but she had to read her letters to the post. And if the account of the last great prize fight, she kindly extended the courtesy of the post to the "Gallagher, the shoemaker, who was particularly interested in those things. Micky Meehan, who came the day before the last Mountain Lightning, to his father with a regularity that was gratifying—to Nancy. Nancy did not usually detain the *Lightning Streak* more than two days on its way. It contained, one week, an uncondemned article upon "George Washington" which so irritated Teddy Meehan's appetite for the remainder of the week that he brushed his coat and put it, and a clean collar, on; and, taking his stick in his fist, travelled twice, on the following week, all the way from Tullyfinn to Nancy's post-office to inquire if the subsequent

issue of the paper had arrived. On the second occasion, though Teddy observed with the corner of his eye that Nancy's whole soul was engrossed in an article in no other than the *Lightning Streak*, she replied to him hurriedly that it had not come, and buried herself in the paper again. Teddy sat him down for a while, torn by inward conflict. His anxiety for the paper, however, got the better of his discretion; and, forcing

consolation, "Small wonder ye're ashamed of yourself." She watched after him scornfully till he had slunk away around the bend; and then, with a pained and injured look on her countenance, resumed perusal of the *Lightning Streak*.

But the thorn in Nancy Kelly's side was Barney Nolan, the Priest's boy. Partly as the result of his office, Barney was a domineering fellow who could tolerate no tyranny except his own. Barney was the only man in the parish (the Priest's boy was sixty-six) who dared in broad daylight and with the full knowledge that an incensed Postmistress's eye was on him, walk forward with exasperating nonchalance to Nancy Kelly's window and drop his letters, one by one, into the slot! And when he felt in wantonly aggravating mood, he heaped insult on injury by calling down the slot after the letters, "There's two of them leathers for Belfast, an' wan for Letther-kenny—see that ye send them off quickly, Nancy Kelly, if ye please"—the last sentence, being interpreted, signifying, "I dar' an' defy ye to delay them, Nancy."

Ere matters had got embittered between the Postmistress and the Priest's boy she had occasionally ventured to question him, regarding Father Dan's correspondence. "Barney"—in her smoothest tones—"that letter I gave ye for his Riverence the other day was from furrin parts, an' still it wasn't an Amiriky stamp was on it!"

"That letter," Barney said gravely, "was from the Imp'rator of the Yalla Say, wantin' to know how



THE NEW GERMAN UNIFORMS: LIGHT GREY TO REPLACE BLUE IN THE KAISER'S ARMY.

Military experts have decided that and in f

has so long been regulation in the German Army, they have already been equipped with the new uniforms.

sudden resolution, he said, "But, Nancy a chara, isn't that it ye're readin'?" Nancy lowered the paper, and, turning, looked at him for a minute with an outraged look.

"Teddy Meehan," she said severely, "let me tell ye what ye don't seem to know—that it's the height of ill-breedin' for to go for to look over any wan's shoulder when they're readin'." As Teddy, all abashed, gathered himself away, she added, by way of parting

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Even like delicious airs of flute and harp."

—Dean Milman.



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Yours very truly,
(Signed) MONTAGUE W. ROE.

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her complete agreement with Lillie Langtry*

[Specially drawn for "Pears." On Oct. 1st 1904.]



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ducks could here be the pair, because that he was going to send his youngest son to Timbuctoo, for to dail in that commodity." This uncalled-for insult on Barney's part put Nancy on her dignity for months, till at length the arrival of a letter with the Rome postmark aroused her curiosity so that she deigned to stoop to Barney in for intelligence.

"That," Barney coolly informed her, "was a letter from no less nor our Holy Father himself, the Pope (may God bless him) in prosper his practice, informin' Father Dan that the Pope's [Tuesday] come eight days, in the County Wacklow, an' that we may expect it to work round here within three weeks at the furthest." Nancy knew very well that the Pope's letter was a hoax, but it was so hoped, for Barney's sake, that he realised his punishment as palpably as he should.

Barney Nolan, too, had often the audacity to walk in on the ladies of the Post Office, but he got the portion of the letters, and if, by mismanagement, Nancy allowed him to get a glimpse of the directions of other letters, he made it his business to send word to the fortunate parties "there was a letter from Nancy's for them," and so had them descending on the Postmistress before she had had time to examine those letters with the leisure that was appropriate. He lost no opportunity of irritating Nancy. Once she handed him no less than four letters, yet Barney, repressing all traces of excitement, merely remarked that he thought "this day might houl' up an' be a gran' hay-day if the wind didn't work back at twelve," slipping the letters into the pocket of his long blue coat with as much seeming carelessness as if he was inured to the receipt of extraordinary mails.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, who has been staying at Menaggio, on Lake Como, returns to town this week for the May meetings.

The Bishop of Worcester delivered an important address at the close of last Thursday's enthronement.



THE REMAINS OF BERWICK'S EDWARDIAN WALLS: THE BELL-TOWER AND FOSSE.

The ruins of Berwick's Edwardian walls were the last vestige of the walls which surrounded the town around Berwick. The remains are now to be enclosed as a national treasure, and will be placed under the care of a curator and guide. These Edwardian walls must be carefully distinguished from the inner circle of Elizabethan fortifications. From the bell-tower a beacon used to warn the Border farmers of the approach of the marauding Scots.

ceremony. He dwelt especially on the difficulties of Church work in country parishes, and appealed for greater vigour in missionary and educational service. While recognising the important results of Nonconformist efforts, he expressed the opinion that unity could not come by denying essential Church doctrines.

The Bishop of London, in his recent sermon in Wakefield Cathedral, quoted the words of Canon Body about the revival, "There has not been such a Lent in London for twenty-five years." It must, said the Bishop, have been a real power which for two months brought some 10,000 people daily to the Albert Hall. As for "the humble efforts among the West End churches," he could only say that the astonishing response had been a rebuke to his over-weak faith.

Dr. Harmer, the new Bishop of Rochester, has been talking to a Australian interviewer on the history of his new diocese. "Bishop Talbot," he remarked, "was the hundredth Bishop of Rochester, so I begin the second century." The Bishop and Mrs. Harmer are expected in England early in the summer. It is gratefully acknowledged that in all social and philanthropic work Mrs. Harmer has proved a most efficient helper to her husband.

At the Easter vestry meeting of Rochdale Parish Church, a resolution expressive of gratitude to Archdeacon Wilson and cordial appreciation of his work was heartily adopted. Dr. Wilson, who is about to remove to Worcester as Canon of the Cathedral, thanked his friends at Rochdale for fifteen years of continuous kindness. He said he felt most deeply the Lancashire kindness of heart.

The Bishop of Norwich presided last week over the diocesan conference in his Cathedral city. He declared that he would steadfastly oppose every proposal to alter the use of the Athanasian Creed. The withdrawal of the minatory clauses of the Creed would be followed, he maintained, by the tacit rejection of the minatory clauses of the New Testament.



Dr. Andrew Wilson has written an excellent little treatise on the importance of protecting the home from all infection by disinfecting. He shows clearly how IZAL kills the minute organisms which produce putrefaction and disease before they have time to become dangerous. No one reading this book can fail to be impressed with the fact that to disinfect the home is as essential as to wash and scrub it. Further, no one can read it without being convinced that the reputation of IZAL as

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The Illustration here reproduced is taken from an excellent pictorial guide issued by the Great Western Railway Company for the special benefit of American tourists. It is entitled "Historic Sites and Scenes



IN SHAKSPERE'S COUNTRY: STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

of England," and outlines with text and illustration all that is most picturesque and best worth visiting in English scenery. The illustrations include not only present-day photographs, but many prints and drawings dealing with the history and antiquities of the places described.

THE WAR: AN EXPERT COMMENTARY.

BY R.N.

More than a week has elapsed since it was reported that Admiral Rozhdstvensky with his fleet had left Kamranh Bay, and since then all has been uncertainty and doubt. Various ships have indeed brought intelligence indicating that the Russian Admiral was still, with some number of his vessels, cruising in the vicinity of the Annamite Coast, or at least somewhere within the sheltered waters of the Gulf of Tonkin. On the other hand, there are equally specific statements to the effect that Russian men-of-war have been seen six hundred miles to the eastward off the Philippines. It will be remembered that in the issue of the *Illustrated London News* for April 22 the opinion was expressed that the battle which everyone was and is expecting would be fought, in all probability, in the waters of Japan, and that, at his then rate of progress, Rozhdstvensky could hardly get there before the early days of May. He has since spent a considerable amount of time coaling and revictualling in neutral waters, a circumstance which must tend to delay the meeting of the rival fleets. If, too, it be true, as has been suggested by some experts, that he is waiting for Admiral Nebogatoff to join him, a still longer period may elapse before the question of superiority is settled.

It is at least significant that Russian men-of-war should be reported off the northern coast of Luzon. This would mean that the Russian Admiral had determined to remove himself as far as possible from the



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risks of collision with the torpedo craft of the enemy. It is necessary, in order to be able to judge of the possible course of action of the Russian Admiral, to have some certainty as to his motives and his objective. In the ordinary course of things, the objective of an Admiral in his position would be the hostile fleet. And there seems to be little doubt that at his own time and in his own place he will fight Togo. And it appears to be more than likely that the choice of both will rest with him, and not with the Japanese Admiral. There are two ways in which he can force an action upon his adversary. In the first place, by throwing his fleet across the line of route of the Japanese transport and storeships passing between the island of Manchuria. But to do this he would have to cross the Yellow Sea, or, as an alternative, to lie in the track of the traffic with Yokohama. It would then be necessary for Togo to dislodge him. His second course would be to seek Togo out and assume the offensive, and this he might do by entering the Sea of Japan through one of the channels north or south of Yezo. If it be true that the *Rossia* and the *Gromoboi* are again ready for sea, and able to reach Vladivostok, it may well be that the latter course offers the best chances of success, assuming

that those vessels can effect a junction with him before the collision takes place.

A consensus of naval opinion at the present time appears to favour the notion that, other things being equal, a fleet action should be decided by the greater number of guns of and above 8-in. calibre.

The next production of the Mermaid Repertory Theatre will be Ben Jonson's comedy "The Silent Woman," which will be produced at the Great Queen Street Theatre on Monday evening, May 8. This will be followed by a revival of Mr. W. S. Gilbert's comedy "The Palace of Truth," and that again by "The Tyranny of Tears," by Mr. C. Haddon Chambers. As there seems to be a general impression that only subscribers can obtain seats for the Mermaid Repertory Theatre, Mr. Philip Carr especially asks us to point out that seats may be taken at all performances in the ordinary way.

Messrs Norman and Stacey, the well-known art furnishers, announce that the premises in Tottenham Court Road are closed, and that they are now conducting their system of extended payments solely from the City offices, 118, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.,

where they have been established for many years. All communications should now be addressed "Norman and Stacey (1905), Ltd."

Messrs. J. W. Benson, Ltd., of 25, Old Bond Street, W., have decided to continue for a further few weeks their sale of the choice stock of a West End jeweller, which they recently purchased. Rings, pendants, bracelets, head ornaments, etc., of the finest quality and newest patterns are offered at two-thirds of the original marked prices, an excellent opportunity for those purchasing by the *Times* system, the whole payment not being required at once, but spread over a lengthened period at no enhanced price.

On and after the 1st proximo the service by the Harwich route between London and Liège (for the Exhibition) will be greatly accelerated. Passengers leaving Liverpool Street Station at 8.40 p.m. will be due at Liège at noon the following day. Dining and breakfast cars will be attached to the boat trains between Liverpool Street Station and Parkeston Quay, Harwich. By this service passengers are enabled to enjoy a night's rest and breakfast on the steamer before landing at Antwerp. Through carriages will run from alongside the steamer to Liège and vice versa.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Nov. 25, 1898), with two codicils, of Mr. WILLIAM MICHAEL TUFNELL, of Hatfield Place, Hatfield Peverel, Essex, banker, who died on Feb. 23, was proved on April 12 by Colonel John Lionel Tufnell Tyrell, the son, Arthur Chandos Arkwright, Wilfrid Lionel Tyrell Arkwright, and the Hon. Edward Gerald Strutt, the value of the real and personal estate being £108,722. The testator gives £100 each to the Essex Hall Asylum, the Essex Industrial School and Home for Destitute Boys, the Essex and Chelmsford Infirmary, the Clacton Convalescent Home, and St. George's Hospital; 1200 shares in Barclay and Co., bankers, to his grandson Wilfrid Lionel Tyrell Arkwright; 1000 shares to his grandson Harold Arthur Arkwright; 500 shares to his son-in-law Arthur Chandos Arkwright; 500 shares to his son; £20,000 in trust for his daughter Mrs. Arkwright and her husband and children; and £25,000 in trust for his son for life, and then as to £10,000 for his grandson William Lloyd; £7000 for his grandson Harold Arthur, and on the decease of his son's wife £8000 in trust for his grand-daughter Lillian Agnes. Subject to other gifts to his family and legacies to servants and clerks, he leaves the residue of his property to his son.

The will (dated April 1, 1892) of Mr. WILLIE JAMES PEAR, of Norfolk House, Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood,

whose death took place on Feb. 20, has been proved by Mrs. Margaret Hutton Epps, the widow, Thomas Dick, and Edmund Didier Lenton, the value of the real and personal estate amounting to £163,422. The testator bequeaths the balance at his bankers, and the household furniture, etc., to his wife; 100 guineas each to the other executors; £100 each to the British Home for Incurables, the Royal Blind Pension Society, the Orphan Working School, the Railway Benevolent Society, the London Society for Teaching the Blind to Read, the National Lifeboat Institution, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Homœopathic Hospital; his freehold residence to his son James; and legacies to members of the family. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife and children.

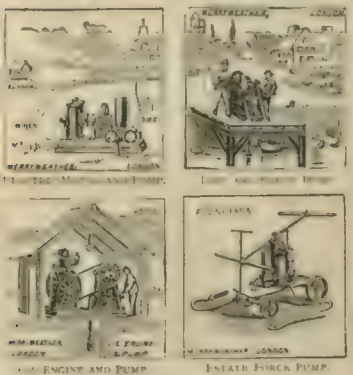
The will (dated Aug. 25, 1904) of Mr. EDWARD ANDREW SANDERS, D.L., of Stoke House, Heavitree, Devon, who died on March 20, has been proved by Edmund Salway Ford, and John Edward Daw, the value of the estate being sworn at £129,797. The testator gives £11,000 to his wife, Mrs. Marianne Sanders; £25,000 to his daughter, Isabella Jane Sanders; various shares in public companies, and two freehold houses in Cathedral Close, to his son; £500 each to the Exeter Diocesan Additional Curates' Society, the Exeter Diocesan Incumbents' Sustentation

Fund, the West of England Eye Infirmary, the West of England Institution for the Employment of the Blind, and the Devon and Exeter Hospital; £300 to the West of England Institution for the Instruction of the Blind; £200 to the Exeter Lying-in Hospital; £1000 to his niece Frances; and legacies to nephews, executors, and others. The residue of his property he leaves in trust for his wife for life and then for his son, but should his son die without issue, then for his said daughter.

The will (dated Oct. 12, 1904) of Mr. LUTHER HOLDEN, of Pinetoft, Ipswich, late President of the Royal College of Surgeons, who died on Feb. 6, has just been proved by Cecil Holden White, the nephew, the value of the estate being £110,289. The testator gives £8000, in trust, for the Rev. Canon Holden for life and then for his nine children; £5000, in trust, for his sister Mrs. Henry White for life and then for her sons Cecil and Charles; £1000 each to Andrew Holden, Clement Holden, Mary Miller, Elizabeth Backhouse, and Charles White; £2000 to Cecil White; £3000 to St. Bartholomew's Hospital for a Scholarship in Surgery and £500 towards their rebuilding fund; £1000 to the Foundling Hospital; and £10,000 and his freehold residence, with the furniture, etc., to his wife, Mrs. Frances Holden, for life. At her death such residence and furniture are to be sold, and

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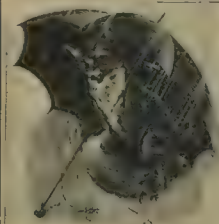
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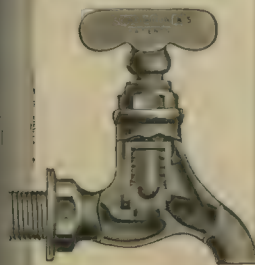
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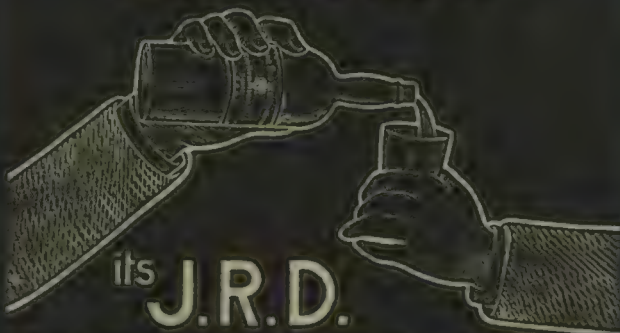
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the proceeds and the £10,000 divided between St. Bartholomew's Hospital and the Foundling Hospital. The residue of his property he leaves between Mary Miller, Elizabeth Backhouse, Andrew Holden, and George Herbert Rose Holden.

The will (dated Feb. 8, 1905) of Mr. JOHN FRANK JONES, of Powyslea, St. Albans, who died on Feb. 8, has been proved by Mrs. Susanne Jacobine Jones, the widow, and Arthur Albert Jones, the brother, the value of the estate being £39,396. The testator leaves all he shall die possessed of to his wife for life and then to his children.

The will (dated June 15, 1897) of Mr. ALFRED SPALDING HARVEY, of 9, The Grove, Highgate, is proved by Messrs. Glen, Mills, Currie, and Co., Solicitors, Leam Road Street, who died on March 10, was proved on April 5 by Carl Alfred Harvey, Eustace John Harvey, and Baldwin Sydney Harvey, the sons, the value of the estate being £71,500. The testator gives the proceeds from a policy of insurance on his life to his said three sons and daughter Isabel Jane; the

household furniture to his wife; £1000 to his brother John Baxter Harvey; and £1000 each to his sisters Caroline Emma Alice, and Katherine Margaret. The residue of his property is to be held in trust, for his wife for life, and then for his children share and share alike.

The will of Mr. THOMAS HICK, of 33, Palace Road, Streatham Hill, and of Lloyds, who died on March 1, has been proved by his sons Darrell Hick and Walter Pentland Hick, the value of the property being £31,249. The testator leaves all he shall die possessed of to his children.

The will (dated Feb. 27, 1905) of Mr. FRANCIS LEVIEN, of The Chestnuts, Maple Road, Surbiton, for many years secretary of the Stock Exchange, whose death took place on March 10, has been proved by Mrs. Bertha Elizabeth Levien, the widow, Walter Farquhar Morice, the nephew, and George Frisby, the amount of the property being £50,872. He gives £500 to his wife; £100 per annum to his children Florence Emily and Frank George, during the life or widowhood of Mrs.

Levien; £50 to his sister Sophia Morice; and legacies to executors. All other his property he leaves in trust to pay the income thereof to his wife while she remains his widow, or an annuity of £250 should she again marry, and subject thereto for his four children.

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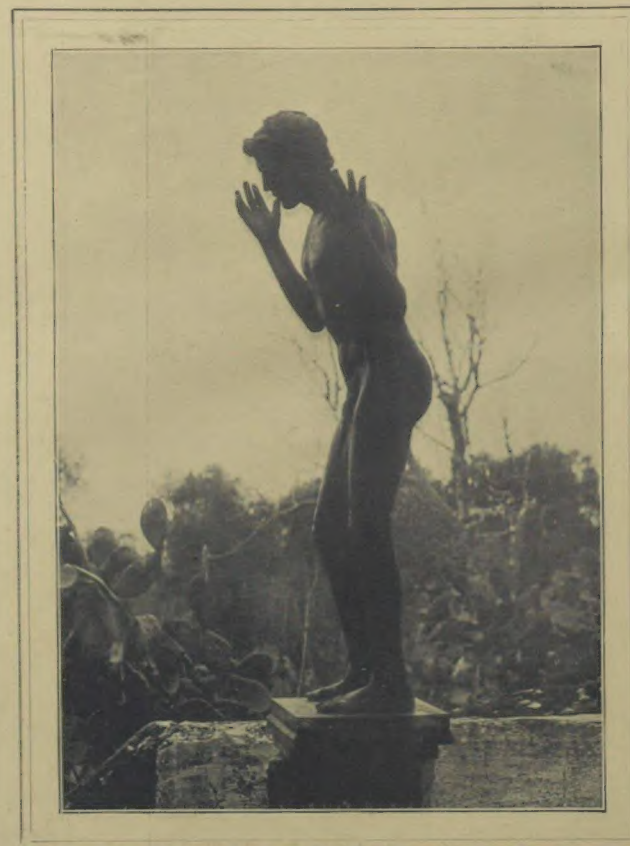
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